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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,767, Vol. 68.

September 7, 1889.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE STRIKE.

THE immense amount of speaking and writing which has been set going by the talk and the idleness of "labour" during this last week, contains very little which is creditable to that somewhat hazy personification. There is among it not a little personality of the meanest kind, still more idle repetition of what had been sufficiently said, and, what commonly goes with these errors, a plentiful lack of the faculty of looking facts in the face. Against these things may be set off a certain amount of common sense shown by the members of the Trades-Union Congress at Dundee, and the abstinence of the London strikers from actual riot. We do not know, however, that it is any particular credit to any body of persons that they should be only able to show a little practice of the most elementary virtues as the set-off to a great deal of folly or worse. The temperate tone of the speech made by Mr. RITCHIE, the President of the Dundee Congress, does not quite counterbalance the spiteful attack made on Mr. BROADHURST, still less the somewhat vulgar personalities with which Mr. BROADHURST retaliated for the attack made on himself. As for the merits of that attack, there was nothing new in them. It is an old story that the priest must live by the altar, and that some of the faithful are apt to suspect him of living too well. A position of instructor and representative brings authority, and that has been noted to bring money, and then there will be found envious spirits in the congregation to assert that the money was the object, and not the defence of the principles. It has been the fate of many to undergo these charges, and therein Mr. BROADHURST's fate is not singular. His defence we accept as complete. That he was entitled to invest his savings as he pleased—and much to be envied, firstly, for the possession of savings, and then for the good fortune, so rare in these days, which enabled him to find a safe investment which brings him in the very tidy figure of 25 per cent.—we hold to be as certain as that Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE was justified in evicting the tenants who would not or could not pay their rent. Only we venture to point out that this bold assertion of the rights of the capitalist has a somewhat comic sound from Mr. BROADHURST's mouth. We have heard denunciations of the doctrine from that quarter before the case was altered.

Even on this occasion it came very shortly after a passage in the speech of Mr. RITCHIE with which it did somewhat jar. The President asked what might not be accomplished "with Unionist parochial managers, Unionist Town Councillors, Unionist magistrates, and Unionist members of the Legislature"; and he answered himself with confidence that, when the Unions have everything their own way, "the unjust employer and the 'sweater' would be hurried out of existence. Railway Companies which pay 8 per cent. [not quite 25, you see] of a dividend, and work their employes sixteen to eighteen hours a day, would become an impossibility. Labour, even of the lowest and humblest description, would be sympathetically dealt with." This and more to the same effect Mr. RITCHIE said, and we repeat that we do not see how it squares with Mr. BROADHURST's uncompromising assertion of the orthodox doctrine that the capitalist is entitled to obtain all he can for his money. The President's language was, though we imagine he would shrink from confessing it, Socialism—or, if not that, it was wordy platitude. What is an unjust employer except one who gets the utmost he can for his money? What is a sweater except a term of abuse for a contractor who buys his labour as cheap as he can? Why should not a railway Company pay a man for working eighteen hours if he likes to work for that length of time? What is sympathetic treatment of labour if it is not the payment of more than its market value? The speech of

Mr. RITCHIE, and the greater part of what has been said about the London strike, prove how hopelessly incapable most people are of understanding that in dealing with labour you have two courses to choose from, and that you must needs take one. Either you leave buyer and seller free to higgler in the market, or you adopt some form of Socialism by which you propose to regulate their relations according to some standard of "justice." The two systems are not compatible, for the slightest admixture of the second vitiates the first. If the regulating system is taken, it must be universally applied if the burden and the benefit are not to be unfairly apportioned, which would defeat its own purpose. It would appear, however, that there are many thousands of persons in London, some merely silly, some interested for their own ends, who think that a combination of the two might be profitably applied to the Dock strike. Shipowners and labourers would by this compromise be left free to higgler, while the Dock Companies would be required for the general good to treat the humblest and lowest description of labour in a sympathetic way. The view of the holders of this opinion is neatly put in the sentimentality of Mr. PUNCH's cartoon, and was admirably illustrated by Cardinal MANNING's inquiry of the Dock Committee whether they did not think it better to sacrifice a problematical dividend in order to end the present painful crisis. Even the desire to gain a cheap advertisement as a friend of the people ought hardly to have misled an educated man into the stupidity of asking men of business whether they did not think it better to give up all hope of obtaining a profit on their capital at once, in order that a strike, by which they are not the only or the greatest sufferers, might be ended at their expense for the benefit of other people. The course of the shipowners is intelligible enough. It might suit them very well to acquire the docks as the property of a bankrupt. It is natural, if not magnanimous, in them to try what they can extract from the Companies. As men of business, however, they are doing themselves little credit, since they ought to see that, if the Dock Companies cannot afford to give the extra penny, the strikers cannot get it, and that, if they will not allow themselves to be bullied, they cannot be coerced.

One of the commonest platitudes talked about the strike takes the form of a lament that the Dock Companies should, by their obstinacy in standing out, inflict such a terrible loss on London. The loss is obvious, but why is the blame to be thrown exclusively on the Dock Companies? There are several other parties to the quarrel who might facilitate a compromise by surrender. The shipowners might agree to pay a higher dock rate, for instance, which would enable the Companies to pay better wages. If a general rise in freights and prices followed, the public would then have an opportunity of showing its sympathy with the strikers more effectually than by sentimental twaddle. Then, again, the leaders of the men might advise them to be content with what they have got—or they might, while advising those who chose to do so to stand out, withdraw their 10,000 or 12,000 men on picket duty, and allow the labourers who are ready to work to do so. This last measure would, it is plain, settle the strike at once. As it is, work is gradually increasing in the docks, and if the pressure put on by the adventurers who have seized the control of the strike were taken off, thousands would rush in at once. For this, if for no other reason, it is desirable that the Dock Companies should win. They are no doubt fighting for their own hand like everybody else in the scrimmage, but for the moment their interests happen to coincide more than those of anybody else with the general interests of the community.

The strike has, through the ignorance and sheeplike docility of the labourers, been turned into a dangerous semi-socialist movement. It is, therefore, highly desirable that it should end in the defeat of the strikers. The more complete that defeat is the less chance will there be that Mr. BURNS, Mr. H. H. CHAMPION, and the handful of screeching spouters who have shared the stump with them will be allowed to mislead more men. The signs are encouraging for the Companies. The total failure of the Manifesto of last week, the gradual return of men to work, and the enlightenment of the public as to the real aims of Messrs. BURNS and Co., more than counterbalance the subscriptions which have been received by the Committee and the fussy activity of Mr. LAFONE, whose action and that of the few wharfingers who go with him is perfectly natural. The nature of their business enables them to recoup themselves for the cost of higher wages by charging higher rates. They can, therefore, afford to accept the terms of the men. That is not the case of the Dock Companies.

A HOLIDAY DEPUTATION.

AN irreverent person once observed that the phrase "Annual Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science" appeared to him a needlessly cumbrous and circuitous substitute for the simpler locution "picnic." Such an objection would not lie with quite equal force against the words "Deputation of English Home Rulers to Ireland," which is some four words shorter; but still it must be admitted to be rather a roundabout way of describing an Irish holiday tour. The ladies and gentlemen, however, who have lately landed at Dublin—and the ladies, significantly enough, from the holiday-making point of view, figure very prominently in the report of the visit—may be allowed, in these desperately serious days, to flatter themselves that they have gone to Ireland primarily on a serious mission, and only secondarily to enjoy themselves. Some people like to be humbugs even in their pleasures; and, moreover, there is undeniably an element of "business" about the transaction which may well take the place of, and is perhaps in the minds of the deputation actually mistaken for, genuine political enthusiasm. The list of the members of the deputation is a very instructive catalogue of names. They are, for the most part, those of men who have either failed or ceased to make that mark in English public life which they desire to make, and who feel the necessity of putting themselves in evidence at a moment when the competition in self-advertisement has a little slackened. They are politicians, if they will not be offended at our saying so, who do not mind "speaking" during the dinner-hour. They are actors who do not object to appearing at matinées in the dead season, when the stars are away for their holiday in the Engadine. Mr. SUMMERS, Mr. SCHWANN, Mr. H. J. WILSON, are typical specimens of the class of what may be called "vacation performers." Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS and Mr. W. H. WILLS are gentlemen actually "out of an engagement"; they have lost their seats in Parliament, and are anxious again to attract the attention of some discerning constituency. And at the head of them all was Mr. STANSFELD, who stands in exactly the same relation to his more prominent and successful colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench as the SCHWANNs and SUMMERSES do to the ELLISES and PICKERSGILLS on the benches behind.

Mr. STANSFELD's own account of the matter, given in a speech "of some length," appears to show a somewhat needless anxiety to justify his visit. Its motive is perfectly well understood, we can assure him. The explanation above given of it will be readily accepted by all who are acquainted with the inner working of politics; and, having regard to the very uncertain outlook which lies before Mr. GLADSTONE's lieutenants in general, it will, we believe, be regarded as no less adequate from a moral than from a political point of view. At a time when the struggle for succession to Mr. GLADSTONE appears to be "anybody's game," it is impossible to blame anybody who, as Mr. SEXTON proudly said of Mr. STANSFELD, "had been in the Imperial Cabinet, and he ventured 'to say would be again,' for trying to keep as well up in the running as possible. This account of the matter is, at any rate, a more satisfactory one than that given by the leader of the deputation himself. He had asked himself, he said, "what justification he could offer for

"coming over to Ireland to discuss a question which was 'primarily an Irish one, and he had come to the conclusion 'that it was his right as a citizen of a kingdom which was 'united, and was determined to remain united, to take an 'interest in any question which affected even the remotest 'part of it.' But this justification is so instantaneously obvious that one is at a loss to understand how any reflective process should have been necessary to arrive at it at all. One would have thought that the answer to Mr. STANSFELD's self-interrogation would have arisen simultaneously with the question. When was it that the momentary hitch took place? Did it only occur to Mr. STANSFELD after more or less prolonged meditation on this "primarily Irish question" that Ireland was a portion of the United Kingdom? Or did the fact that he himself is a citizen of that United Kingdom only dawn by degrees upon his mind? Or, finally, did he spend some time in contemplating these two facts "in their quiddity" before he was visited by the brilliant *aperçu* that the citizen of a kingdom has "a 'right to take an interest in any question which affects 'even the remotest part of it'? Upon any view of his meaning, his attempt to pose as a Unionist is one of a most maladroit description, eminently characteristic of all the efforts of Gladstonians when they endeavour to fit the language of Unionism to their unaccustomed lips. All that Mr. STANSFELD has succeeded in proving is that the unity of the United Kingdom is not with him a truth of instinctive consciousness, but an information of reasoning. No genuine Unionist could possibly have asked himself "what 'justification he could offer for coming over to Ireland to 'discuss a question which is primarily an Irish one"; and Mr. STANSFELD's success in replying to his own interrogation does not by any means atone for the political *gaucherie* of having framed it.

Nor was Mr. STANSFELD much happier in his subsequent criticisms on what he professes to regard as the self-contradictory views of the Unionist party. "The opponents of 'the Irish people on this question," he said, "held inconsistent opinions. They seemed to think that the cry for 'Home Rule was fictitious. In the same breath they 'pointed,' as no doubt they do, if people can be said to point with their lungs, 'to the deep-rooted desire of the 'Irish for self-government; a desire so antagonistic in 'spirit to Great Britain that, if self-government were 'granted, it would be used against the interests of the 'United Kingdom, and lead to separation." So far, however, from these two opinions being intellectually inconsistent, one is only the natural and logical corollary of the other. It is the very same persons who are attempting to pass off a "fictitious cry" for a particular political change as a genuine national demand for that change—it is these very persons who, if they obtained what they are clamouring for, would turn the concession to the purposes which Unionists foresee and deprecate, and which Mr. STANSFELD sees no reason to fear. Surely the position of those who hold this view of the grant of Home Rule and its probable consequences is a perfectly plain and intelligible one. What they believe is simply this—that the Irish people, as such, have not, and never had, any definite or reasoned desire for separate legislative institutions; but that agitators have succeeded in persuading them that the satisfaction of the vague discontent, itself in a great measure the product of agitation, with which they are filled is only to be obtained under the system of self-government known as Home Rule; and, further, that the very disappointment, the inevitable disappointment, which upon the concession of this visionary hope is destined to encounter, would in its turn supply the agitators with the strongest possible leverage for a movement in favour of complete separation. Nor should it be necessary to point out how potent an ally they would have found in Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill if that most mischievous measure, bristling with irritating and humiliating restrictions on the exercise of the privileges which it professed to confer, had become law. When Mr. STANSFELD talks lightly about the people of Ireland "desiring a system of self-government only in the interest of 'their own country, and in accordance with and subordinate to the necessities of the union with Great Britain 'in one United Kingdom," he coolly assumes the successful solution of the very problem which has to be solved, and which the agitators would obviously find their account in representing as insoluble. At every check which the legislative policy of an Irish Parliament might undergo from the restraints of the constitutional statute there would be an immediate outcry against its provisions, and a ready complaint

that the interests of Ireland were being sacrificed to the real or pretended "necessities of the union with Great Britain in "one United Kingdom"; and if this outcry and complaint were not attended to, it would at once become the business of the agitators, as it would be in their power under the latest development of the Gladstonian Home Rule Scheme, to compel a hearing for their demands by paralysing the action of the Imperial Parliament. We do not say that it is theoretically impossible to work a local Legislature having powers defined and limited by the terms of a constitutional statute; but we do say that, without complete good faith and goodwill on both sides, the practical impossibility of this achievement is complete. And to postulate good faith and goodwill on the part of those by whom the local Legislature would be worked is to make an assumption which is not only destitute of antecedent probability, but which these men have themselves negatived by a whole catena of declarations, and by a course of policy persisted in by them with unbroken uniformity down to the date of Mr. GLADSTONE's capitulation to them three years ago.

EAST AFRICA.

THE new concession to the British East African Company is good news in itself, and comes conveniently for the Company at a time when it is endeavouring to increase its capital by offering shares to the general public. This extension puts at English disposal the whole northern coast of what is recognized as Zanzibar territory, with the exception of the unlucky little enclave of Vitu, which, however, is not likely by itself to be of much value to its possessors. It brings once more under what is practically English rule a considerable number of Banian or British-Indian traders, whose interests, as unfortunate experience has shown too well of late, are not likely to be looked after by any but their own fellow-subjects. And it more than restores (because the restoration is effected in a manner likely to be stable and solid) the predominance of England which was broken by the unfortunate refusal to accept the protectorship of the Sultanate, and which seemed menaced with something like utter extinction shortly afterwards. It was, of course, certain to be received with groans and growls by the German "colonial men," despite the severe lesson which they have recently received; and it is possible that the irrepressible Dr. PETERS may make some trouble on the spot, for it seems that the trouble which he has already made for himself has not been terminated, as seemed at one time likely, by that process which the French soldier describes, or used to describe, as "lead-wash for the head." But this person and his backers at home have had too recent and too unmistakable a lesson from Prince BISMARCK for their grumbings to be of much danger or importance, and the more sensible part of the German press has already admitted that there are no valid German claims on the Somali coast.

The really satisfactory thing about the matter is, of course, that the British East African Company does not gain a mere paper concession—a sort of general license to catch-who-catch-can and catch-what-caught-can-be. A solid basis of trade has been established at Lamu already, and at the other ports, it is believed, there are also the foundations of commercial enterprise. Politically the acquisition tends to strengthen the hold of England on the "shoulder" of Africa, and it is also of not inconsiderable importance as supplying an additional basis for communication with the Upper Nile and the Lakes. That this communication can ever be satisfactorily effected by the Congo, Mr. STANLEY, the most enthusiastic defender of the Congo route, may be said to have disproved himself by his own exploit on the Aruwihini. But it does not seem by any means impossible that, if EMIN Pasha, as is likely, sticks to his post, routes of traffic may be opened or reopened from the Lakes to the East Coast, routes which must sooner or later be reconnected with the recovered waterway of the Nile. There may be no vision of "Africa and golden joys" in such prospects, but they are prospects of solid advantage, of the opening up of not inconsiderable markets whereof English producers stand in great need and of not inconsiderable spheres of work for Englishmen—all being conducted on the good old principle of making sure of one thing before you go on to another. This new success of the East African Company should be an encouragement to those who are trying to start a somewhat similar enterprise to the north of the Zambesi, and to the horror of Sir JOHN SWINBURNE.

For it would seem that Sir JOHN, unlike Mr. VERDANT GREEN's bed-maker, "has had concessions himself, sir," but "can not enter into their feelings." We have before wished well to these adventurers, who may be able to build up a flourishing business to the south of the Congo State and the German "sphere"; while the British East African Company is doing the same on the north. Only let them remember to pursue as far as possible the same course that the elder Company has pursued—the course of here a little and there a little, and not the course of making great paper schemes which end in nothing, or in worse than nothing. Intelligence of what is being done on Lake Nyassa is conflicting and rather vague; but if, as it seems, there has been a Congo-State-like capitulation to the "Arabs," that also is not the way to go.

READING BOOKS AND BUYING BOOKS.

TWO articles in the magazines, in *Murray's* and the *Fortnightly Review*, are devoted, oddly enough, to books. The first, by Lord BRABOURNE, is about the books which people buy and do not read; the next, by Mr. GATTIE, is about the books they read and do not buy. Both critics go into statistics, which, by way of exception, really seem to prove something. Mr. GATTIE examines the returns of provincial lending libraries, and by "provincial" you shall understand that the libraries of large towns are intended. Books are divided into eight classes. Theology and philosophy come first. But why not theology and fiction? The most popular theology is played off in novels, and the most popular fiction plays freely round theology. Philosophy is much in the same case. M. PAUL BOURGET's *Le Disciple* is likely to prove a favourite novel. It is "Greats work" mixed up with GABORIAU, or BOISGODEY seasoned with Greats work. Here we read of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, of RIBOT, of the *juge d'instruction*, of "cold pison," of SCHOPENHAUER, of revolvers, and ROUSSEAU. Now is it not unfair of Mr. GATTIE to take philosophy and theology together in one category when he should take romance and realism and religion, brigands and biblical criticism, all in one agreeable lump? Dividing a hundred marks among his eight classes of books, Mr. GATTIE finds poor old theology and philosophy much neglected. Liverpool takes nearly, and Exeter quite, three per cent. of this kind of thing; but Rochdale will have none of it, nor will Derby, Stafford, Plymouth, Norwich, and Great Yarmouth. Yet these cities may take in plenty of theology and philosophy through the pores, as it were, in the shape of fiction. Fiction is absorbed at from seventy to eighty per cent. of the whole hundred, and fiction is now almost always philosophical and theological. Mr. GATTIE complains that Miss BROUGHTON, Miss BRADDON, and the unfortunate Mr. RIDER HAGGARD are very popular. It must be admitted that Miss BRADDON is not so philosophical as M. PAUL BOURGET, nor Miss BROUGHTON quite so keen on theology as the author of *Robert Ward, Preacher*; but, then, surely *Cleopatra* is a fair summary of MASPERO, RENOUF, MARIETTE, BRUGSCH, NAVILLE, WILKINSON, CHABAS, REVEILLON, and Egyptological research in general. So Mr. GATTIE must not despair of serious studies. They are admitted in the disguise of novels. Poetry, except at Bristol (six per cent.), is nowhere. Why is poetry popular at Bristol? The shade of AMOS COTTLE might reply. Labourers and bricklayers do not read—do not read books—any more than literary men or baronets. The readers are milliners and clerks and boys, and even metal-workers, who may be interested in Mr. SYMONDS's *Benvenuto Cellini*. Potters, like poets, read very little. Portsmouth is the most bookish place of them all. At Aberdeen, oddly enough, poetry is not popular, only at 1.44 per cent. A book called *The Best Match* was plunged on by the women of Aberdeen, as *The Virgin Widow* was long ago by another class of readers. But *The Best Match* turned out to be a devotional work, and, like Sir HENRY TAYLOR's poem, not what had been expected from the title.

Some profane persons will hear with enthusiasm that *Vanity Fair* and *Pickwick*—ay, and *Esmond* and *David Copperfield*—are very much more liked than *Middlemarch*. This is not bad news; the literary heart of England is still in the right place. Mr. GATTIE explains this by GEORGE ELIOT's dealing with exploded feudalism, as if *Esmond* was not as "feudal" as *Daniel Deronda*. That the public occasionally knows what is good seems as plausible a theory. THACKERAY is said to be twice as popular as

SCOTT. We doubt this. You can buy SCOTT for next to nothing; THACKERAY, till a very short time since, was, of course, more expensive, and had to be got from libraries. CHARLES READE is said to be out of vogue. FIELDING and STERNE, as might be expected, are little asked for. They are as antiquated now as SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*. Mr. GATTIE seems astonished that popular novels in three volumes are sold by the libraries at a shilling a volume. In his opinion this proves them to be temporary trash. He may forget that you can buy them new in one handy volume, as cheap as in three thumbel volumes. *Treasure Island*, from the libraries, is said to sell better than other favourites. This may apply to the first edition; there be enthusiasts who collect Mr. STEVENSON'S first editions. Nay, there are poor authors whose first editions go for ten times the original price, while nobody buys their second editions at all. This may be an honourable, but is assuredly an unenviable, kind of popularity. It is not Miss BRADDON'S or Miss BROUGHTON'S kind. Some modern novels keep their vogue; a few of Mr. BESANT'S and *Lorna Doone* and *East Lynne*. Mrs. GASKELL is out of fashion, which speaks poorly of public taste; and even *Lost Sir Mashingbird* finds few to hunt for him, Mr. GATTIE says. Yet the search will repay the adventurous. Miss EDNA LYALL is in great demand. She is so ideal. The public that neglects Mrs. GASKELL for Miss EDNA LYALL and her "clearly defined purpose" is not a public to be reasoned with, but, were it worth while, to be prayed for. There is a continuous demand for *The Story of an African Farm*, and of the young woman who would not marry the baby's father, and the young man who dressed like a woman, and nursed her when she (apparently) had gout—but it may have been some other affection of the feet. One person in every thirty-five has bought a shilling novel, and *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* has rivalled *Called Back*. Mr. GATTIE seems to think that all shilling novels are "shockers," all or most; but there may be some very nice, reflective, psychological novels—analytic, too—among the "bob'sworths." No English novelists have enough "genius" and hold upon the public to enable them to drive out the "rabble of trash-mongers." What, not even Miss EDNA LYALL? M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT, the inevitable TOLSTOI, M. PAUL BOURGET, and other evangelical foreign authors are our best hope. We may (as we understand) expect much service to really sound letters from—O GYP, hear it! O M. JULES LEMAITRE, listen to this—from M. GEORGES OHNET! But perhaps Mr. GATTIE does not include M. OHNET among the authors of "the best foreign novels."

As a rule, all these works are rather read on loan from libraries than bought. But who would read the books that Lord BRABOURNE writes about, the books which people "soon parted from their money" buy? Probably none but enthusiasts of topography, and they soon find out that the price of a dear book is a fluctuating value, and depends on "condition," binding, margin, and the casual competition of the sale. It needed not Lord BRABOURNE to tell us this, which he does with some spice of anecdote. These things are not mysteries—that about 400,000 owners of a shilling should give it for *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* is the mystery which neither Mr. GATTIE nor any other philosopher can dispel. If a man knew how to create such a demand, he would create it and hold his tongue.

"BE MY VISITOR OR I WILL—"

FOR six months or more the newspaper Correspondents at Berlin have been employed upon a "visit of the 'CZAR,' which remains to this day an unsettled thing. It might have been supposed that the Emperor WILLIAM and his *entourage* would studiously affect, if they did not actually feel, a proud, polite indifference as to whether the CZAR would or would not return the call of his German cousin. Anxiety on the subject is hardly intelligible; display of anxiety amongst the most improbable of things; and yet the daily repetition by the Berlin news-writers of reports that the CZAR is coming; that for some dark Olympian reason he is not coming; that, after all, the visit is merely postponed; that it will only be a "How d'ye do?" *en route*; that it actually will be made at Berlin; that the CZAR will not hear of Berlin, but does not mind meeting the EMPEROR at some border place while he is on a more direct errand—all these reports, over and over repeated in every tone of satisfaction and apprehension, testify to a perturbation for which it is hard to account. But, as for that matter, nervousness and restlessness have strongly marked the whole

course of German politics since the present EMPEROR came to the throne. They appear at all points, in all that is said and done.

One thing is evident enough. If the Germans think so much of this visit of the CZAR as they seem to think, they have tried very strange methods of bringing it about. According to all belief, the young EMPEROR'S meeting with the Russian potentate was rather forced. It did not please the CZAR, who had a mind to put it off; and, if it was so, all the more tact was needed to procure the return visit. How much may have been employed in private it is, of course, impossible to say; but whatever the amount, and whatever its quality, enough was done in public to counteract it altogether. With the modest Minister of a phlegmatic country like England it may pass very well to seek good understandings through alternate buffetings and embracings. Neither the one nor the other are regarded much, the question being decided upon a review of much larger matters. But a Czar of All the Russias is a very different person to deal with; and within the memory of man no such personage has been less amenable to handling of that sort than the present owner of the Russian Empire. The wonder is that any such handling should have been attempted by a Government with Prince BISMARCK at its head; and the surprise becomes yet greater when we reflect that the whole thought, the whole endeavour of the EMPEROR'S servants are addressed to the maintenance of peace. To be sure, there be those, in France and elsewhere, who deny that that is the ultimate purpose of the German arrangements and combinations—seeing or pretending to see in them a plan for forming a great alliance, which, when it is complete and well bound together, shall be drawn into a conflict that cannot be long postponed without risk to the German Empire. But, at the same time, even these suspicious critics assert, and it is part of their case to assert, that Prince BISMARCK is taking the utmost pains to foist on the world a belief in his pretended longings for peace. From these accounts of the matter it appears, then, that the Germans are really working for peace, or else that they are extremely anxious to appear so. But the truth is that, meanwhile, they are giving the CZAR ample material for awkward questioning on either point. If he was not so loftily indifferent to what the world says or thinks, if he, too, had adopted the system of diplomatizing through the press, a dozen inspired writers might be primed with observations on this very question of the visit which all the ingenuity of the Wilhelmstrasse would be overtaxed to answer. As thus:—The CZAR is expected to go to Berlin on a visit of courtesy. The courtesy is demanded as something that can hardly be withheld, while from time to time proclamation is made that its accordance will signify that the CZAR is on the best of terms with his cousin, and relies on the wisdom of his policy. At any rate, the CZAR is bound to present himself in the Prussian capital, there to do its master honour. Should he neglect so plain an obligation, it will be clear that he is a foe to Germany and peace; and that the League, and its costly responsibilities, are justified by his evident determination to make war. That is the ceaseless refrain of the German press. But what happens meantime? While the CZAR is still pressed to go to Berlin with fraternal embraces for the EMPEROR, the utmost pains are taken to make a public show of an alliance which, according to one account, has been formed to crush the Muscovite, and, according to another, to muzzle him. And this last is not an unauthorized or merely speculative account either. It is official. The Italian KING goes to Berlin to parade the alliance—with what necessity, and for what peaceful purpose? There are grand military junketings—all for the CZAR to view. When they are over, there is a meeting of the Austrian and German sovereigns to renew them; and on all occasions when glasses are raised and Royal and Imperial allies toast each other Europe is called in to hear that the confederation thus paraded is meant to force peace upon the CZAR. This is what we mean by the muzzle—a restraint to which, in itself, we have no objection.

Now His Majesty of Russia might well ask how all this is to be interpreted, and how he in particular is expected to take it. But, without appeal or suggestion from St. Petersburg, two considerations must arise in the mind of every one who wishes to understand the true state of affairs and who does not shut his eyes to facts that may displease or disturb him. It is obvious, in the first place, that the

junketings and banquetings aforementioned, with all that is said and done at them, might be regarded as something like intentional insult by a potentate far less high and mighty than the Emperor of Russia. A much humbler prince, with a title of ALEXANDER's pride and not so many soldiers by a quarter of a million, might be expected to refrain from courtesy visits to a foreign capital where demonstrations of this kind are got up repeatedly and ostentatiously. If, then, the CZAR hesitates to return the visit of his cousin of Germany, we need not seek an explanation beyond the reasons provided by those who yet appear so very desirous of seeing him at Berlin. Other reasons he may have, of course. These, however, are enough—more than enough; and it is mere superfluity of investigation to inquire any further. But there is another consideration. The natural effect of these proceedings on his mind who is specially solicited to mark them must be as well known at Berlin as everywhere else. How, then, are they to be accounted for? Is there any commanding necessity for them? Would the alliance of the three Powers be less firm without these public meetings, these reviews of troops, these banquets of advertisement, and high dramatic toasts? We know that none of these things are needed to ratify an alliance which two out of the three populations concerned believe to be a matter of life and death, while the third sees in it a promise of safety with considerable profits. As for the CZAR himself, is evidence of this sort necessary to convince him that such a confederation exists? The question is absurd. He has his own means of ascertaining the relations of his neighbours, which in this case have never been a secret; and there could have been no difficulty in acquainting him with the reality of the alliance in a quiet way. But a very different way has been chosen; and the question how peace can be served by these ruffings and girdings and biting of thumbs in the public street is not easily answerable. If, on the other hand, the intention were to hasten conflict by flouting an extremely proud, resentful, autocratic sovereign in the presence of his people, one difficulty would disappear at once; and there it is that the awkwardness comes in. Who can assert that the parades at Berlin are necessary, or deny that they are provoking? And yet the allies do mean nothing but peace. It is to avert war and its frightful calamities that they are banded together. We must suppose, then, that there is some disturbing element of injudiciousness at work; and perhaps we know where to look for something of the kind. But whatever may be the explanation of so curious a state of things, we are bound to take account of all the facts of the case, and to shirk none.

THE FRENCH PRETENDERS.

THAT pretenders as a class and French pretenders in particular, that candidates all over the world and French candidates more than any others, are incapable of being taught by experience are facts known to the most superficial observer. The various addresses which have been published to the electors of France during the last ten days or so are not, therefore, to be taken as proving anything new. They are all of them full of prophecies of the millennium if only the country will take the pill for preventing the earthquake which each vendor has to offer. The Count of PARIS, his able supporter M. HERVÉ, and Prince VICTOR BONAPARTE agree on that point. Each of them is sure that universal suffrage will so pronounce that incontinentally he, or his King in M. HERVÉ's case, will be put at the head of affairs, and then the chief of the State will cease to be a nullity. Ministers will cease to be suspected of tripotage, the finances will be admirably managed, the army will experience some ill-defined but immense benefit, the foreign policy of France will become a model of peaceful and imposing dignity. There is in all these respects nothing to choose between them, and the country may with equal safety decide for either Royalists or Bonapartists. In the meantime the General is engaged in calling the attention of the country and the Government to the fact that, after all, the sentence of the High Court may not be a bar to his candidature, since it is only the Chamber which is entitled to decide on the validity of any given election.

It is just possible that the authors of these magnificent promises do not, in their private, unofficial capacity, believe

every word of them. But, if this scepticism seems to defend them to some extent from the charge of credulity, it is only to give them over to it in another way. They must, one supposes, expect the country to believe them, and believing them to act on them. A more remarkable proof of that incapacity to learn by experience which distinguishes the race of pretenders could hardly be given. France has done many things in the course of a hundred years of revolution, but what she has not done has been to vote spontaneously in favour of any party or body of principles, or for anybody or anything, except a strong Government in actual possession of power. The election which upset the administration of Marshal MACMAHON was only an apparent exception to the rule, but not a real one. In that case the Republic was the nominal Government, and was threatened in some ill-understood way which caused uneasiness by some alternative which inspired no enthusiasm. The country was indifferent to the Marshal and detested his Ministers. Moreover, the popularity of the dead THIERS and the living GAMBETTA was great and the Republicans were temporarily united. No such conditions will exist at the approaching struggle. It is possible that in this case, also, the result of the election may be something of a surprise; but of what kind it will be no one even pretends to guess—no one, that is, who is not a candidate, and, therefore, naturally or officially cocksure. The Government has shown that it can hit, and will certainly use all the machinery at its disposal for purposes of coercion. It has a strong Radical and Moderate Conservative following; with that, and the support of the timid who fear all changes, it may secure a majority. On the other hand, the Oppositions are less well placed than the Republicans who upset Marshal MACMAHON. They are not nearly so well united, and they possess no leader so popular as GAMBETTA; they have no name to use which even remotely approaches that of THIERS. A few months ago, in the palmy days of the General's popularity, the want of a leader who could serve the turn seemed likely to be made good. But it is tolerably certain that the General's popularity is not what it was before his flight. If it has really very seriously diminished (it is always advisable to use the "if" freely in discussing General BOULANGER), then the chance of the Oppositions may be considered to have sunk very notably. The Count of PARIS, with that readiness to make arrows out of all wood which is so truly Orleanist, recommends his followers to support all enemies of the Republic, including the Boulangists as certainly as the Bonapartists. Prince VICTOR speaks in a prouder strain, but his party will doubtless be no more scrupulous than the Royalists. This alliance may serve to put the Oppositions in a position to scramble over the spoils of France; but it has one defect. It aims openly at making the Boulangists Royalist or Bonapartist tools. Now, as the Boulangists have always noisily asserted themselves to be Republicans, this patronage may possibly do them no good with some of their followers. This possibility is one of the many which make the result of the coming election so doubtful, and, since they balance one another so evenly, make it seem not wholly improbable that, when the voting is over, the parties may stand much as they do at present.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

YEARLY, at this season, is the plaint of the tourist heard in the land, and provokes the harmless and unnecessary newspaper correspondence and comment. For the sea-serpent and the gooseberry we may wait in unperturbed confidence, finding in Mr. A. J. BUTLER's letter on the wrongs of tourists a sufficient sign of the season, and a precursor of greater woes and wonders. Mr. BUTLER has lifted up his voice in the remote wilds of Surrey, to proclaim the scandalous charges made and, we suppose, paid for board and lodgment at a certain hostelry in that pleasant county. This suffering traveller found that the round sum of 1*l.* daily did hardly suffice for his bare board and lodging in the Surrey hotel. In the Tyrol, however, he declared they "did him" in a far superior style for the modest outlay of five shillings a day—a sum which is, indeed, too suggestive of the "bare board" of which he writes. Why should this discrepancy be? No wonder is it that Mr. BUTLER prefers Meran to the Surrey hills. His indictment of the Surrey hotel is a formidable bill of wrongs. There

was the fabulous charge of six shillings and sixpence for a double-bedded room, exclusive of "tubs," Mr. BUTLER indignantly adds, as if tubs were common objects in Continental hotels. Then he grieves sorely for the three shillings and sixpence expended on half a mile's service of the "local fly." The hardened traveller will smile at these proofs of extortion. He will justly compassionate the guilelessness of Mr. BUTLER, and trust that his home experiences may be salutary. The angry reference to the "local fly" betrays a sensibility that has miraculously survived the rigours of foreign travel, or it may be a last protest wrung from the still-vested recollection of an ill-cooked dinner. Mr. BUTLER had been better employed if he had said something of another kind of local fly which is intolerably active in foreign hotels, and in many ways far more costly. Of course these grievances have called forth support or remonstrance from tourists and from innkeepers, to the intelligent gratification of the numerous readers of newspapers always eager to hear "some argument betwixt any tway." Brief is the season, and the opportunity comes but once a year. Those who back Mr. BUTLER in his great wrath are emulative with a good will, knowing they have but a short time. "L," who has been doing the southern cathedrals and the wild hills of Surrey, cites the inconsiderable items of his hotel bills and sighs for the first-class economies of Nuremberg. It is the old story again. Five shillings at Nuremberg go further than twenty at Exeter or Guildford. To hear the other side is quite sufficient to convict the grumblers of futility and unreason. Mr. BUTLER infers, in his haste, that all Surrey hotels are like that of his late bondage, where tubs were extras and the local fly a deadly impost. Mr. MOBERLY BELL, having travelled over the same district, easily refutes the errors of Mr. BUTLER; and Mr. JOHN BRAYE informs a distracted public of his extremely satisfactory travels in Dorsetshire. It is really surprising that Mr. BRAYE is not apologetic when confessing that he was supplied, for the paltry consideration of four shillings, with a substantial tea, the use of a coffee-room, good-sized drawing-room, and clean bedroom, and a breakfast of ham and eggs. By abjuring the local fly Mr. BRAYE was enabled to travel six or seven miles in a mail-contractor's van, with an entertaining driver, in the company of an old lady, the sister of a London banker, for a sum under one shilling. What better fortune could the traveller desire? We hope that the visitors' book was relieved of its burden of dull impertinence by the record of Mr. BRAYE's gratitude.

There is a sort of tourists foredevote to mischance. There is no possibility of pleasing them. The voyager's art is altogether beyond their attainment. *On va, mais on ne voyage pas.* Experience teaches them nothing, as they go from place to place, irritably sensitive to the disadvantages of their present halting stage. It is always some remote town or health resort that, in the matter of prices or scenery, is glorified to their discontent when compared with the abode of to-day. They travel perpetually in the odour of comparisons. For such the best and biggest hotel, though thick-sown through all the picturesque countries of the globe, proves less satisfactory than the worst inn's worst room is to the wise traveller. Without occasional discomfort travel would be more wearisome, because more monotonous, than it is. It is grossly inconsistent to complain in one breath of over-charges and uncivilized accommodation. In the barbarous old days before steam and hotels, when the poet GRAY and the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN set the fashion of picturesque tours, there was some justification of the traveller's complaint of discomfort. No sensible persons expected to find "home from home" in the roadside inns of a century ago, though many of these were exceedingly comfortable and inspiring. Over-charge was somewhat more unusual in the inns on the coach roads of old, and is at once one of the proofs and fruits of civilization. Travelling, on the other hand, was more expensive and tedious than it is now, and in this cheapening of the process and extension of the locomotive range lies the modern tourist's compensation for the more expensive and less substantial accommodation of our country hotels. It would be interesting to know something of the dietary of the Meran Hotel commended by Mr. BUTLER. Was it well varied, or all quail and thin soup? It can hardly have been what our rude fathers called generous, whatever its constituents, and, without something less vague than Mr. BUTLER's comparative estimate, the Surrey hotel can scarcely be said to be disgraced. Cheapness is, after all, a much-abused word. Some travellers would "quarrel with mince-pies," and others would thrive on the

"tough billygoat and turpentine" which sorely troubled Lord BYRON's English valet in Greece and Albania. The expensive hotel is not necessarily the most costly, and the dearest dinner is that which disagrees with you.

MUNICIPAL POLITICIANS.

IT is not necessary to make much personal comment on the early and melancholy death of Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, just as he had attained what may be supposed to have been nearly the summit of his ambition—the important and not unremunerative post of Deputy-Chairman of the London County Council. On every conceivable point of politics or connected with politics Mr. FIRTH's opinions were opinions which we think mistaken, if not also mischievous; while the manner in which he defended those opinions was not likely to reconcile those who objected to their matter. On the other hand, it is not merely conventional respect for the dead which indisposes us to speak harshly of a man who was, at any rate, consistent, vigorous, and no doubt true to his own idea of what was politically and socially desirable. Mr. FIRTH's decease will give another opportunity of repairing the *laches*, on the part of Londoners, which unfortunately placed their municipal affairs in the hands of a majority distinctly opposed in all ways to the feelings and opinions of London. But the majority is still too great for there to be any hope of seating a representative of these feelings and opinions in the important and well-paid post also vacated. The majority have it in their power, of course, to reward one of their own extremists if they choose; they have it also in their power, if they can induce some really good man, not wholly out of harmony with the views of the more moderate and respectable of them, to clear the Council in part from the heavy reproach it has hitherto incurred. But it may be at once granted that such a person may not be very easy to find.

The now unfashionable believers in the necessary connexion of supply and demand must be rather exercised between hope and fear on the subject of the Municipal Politician. The establishment of County Councils has created a very great demand indeed. It cannot be said that the chief recent precedent, the history of School Boards, is encouraging on the subject of supply. When School Boards were started, as when County Councils were started, a few men of real eminence were ready to take place in them; but they were soon disgusted, and, despite occasional elections of a better type, the average School Board politician is not of a very high class. In the case of the County Councils better things were hoped for; and better men did, as a fact, stand, for the reason that, on the analogy of the French Councils-General, the seats were supposed to be likely to form steps to higher things. In the country this hope seems to some extent to be realized. But the London County Council—owing, no doubt, in great part to the indolent indifference of Londoners—was a grievous disappointment. Even the victorious party could not be very proud of the *personnel*, with some few exceptions, of their representatives; and, though the minority is, no doubt, individually of better quality, even there the average is not extremely high. Nor is it very difficult to see why this is the case. The examples of men working their way through town-corporation work to Parliament are not numerous, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN being almost the only one of much distinction; and there is no particular reason why the County Council road should be any smoother or more certain. Yet it will be a serious thing if the municipal politician of a better kind than has yet presented himself does not appear. The London County Council, when it has not been merely ridiculous, has up to the present time been, like the School Board, chiefly extravagant; extravagance, even when there is no suspicion of personal corruption, being the natural result of inexperience and want of practical ability. Whether Mr. FIRTH's shoes, comfortably lined as they are, will be sufficiently attractive to secure a really good man is a less immediate question than the question whether the really good man is there to fill them, a question to which the answer is not readily forthcoming. The sacred principle of popular election would, of course, be outraged by the suggestion that the paid "deputy" of a County Council should be appointed by the Local Government Board and be irremovable during good behaviour; but this arrangement would have many advantages.

LESSONS OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

AS a matter of course the lessons of the naval manœuvres are being set forth on all hands, with equal promptitude and confidence. Lessons bad and lessons good are to be found in abundance. We need hardly say at this time of day that among the bad lessons we include those which profess to be strategical or tactical. Thus, for instance, a Correspondent of the *Times* points out how the fight off Ushant illustrates the influence of luck in naval warfare. Luck is great in all human affairs; but, with Admiral RAIBED's order of last week before us, we must differ from the *Times*' Correspondent as to its share in this case. On the contrary, as little was left to fortune as human ingenuity could leave. The Admiral's plan was complete. He divided his fleet into two bodies, putting the quicker ships into one and the slower into the other. He then sent off the quicker squadron in the hope that it would somehow slip through the enemy, that the enemy would follow up Channel, and that he would follow the enemy to see what he could pick up. How could an admiral have more carefully provided that a part of his fleet should fall in with the bulk of the other side and be crushed? Accordingly this is what happened, and in all these things, as the Athenian General observed, fortune had no part. Then, of course, we are asked to remember that even Sir GEORGE TAYOR's victory did not prevent the raids on coast towns, and the deduction is that the same thing would happen in war, and that Frenchmen would be greatly rejoiced at the destruction of an English town. We dare say they would, but their joy would be sensibly cooled when the bombardment of Edinburgh was followed by the bombardment of Havre, Honfleur, Dieppe, St. Malo, Nantes, Rochelle, and Marseilles. It also appears to us doubtful whether a couple of ironclads, not manned from Charenton, would run into the Frith of Forth, till they were quite sure that there was not a squadron capable of smashing them in the trap waiting off St. Abb's Head. It is one thing to play these games in manœuvres, when no harm can follow; another thing to do them in war, when death or capture would be the consequence. We are perfectly conscious that we have said this a hundred times; but, then, the nonsense we protest against has been repeated many thousands, and we can but endeavour to redress the balance.

No doubt, however, the manœuvres have taught lessons such as can be—and, indeed, must be—learnt wherever ships keep the sea. It is not a new lesson, or one which we alone have had to learn. On the contrary, it is rather old as things go in this time of change; and the French have had to learn it as well as ourselves, and lament, as we do, the accursed purblind pedantry of science which will not look at facts. It is briefly this—that, since Admiralties took to forgetting that a ship is, after all, a hollow structure meant to prove habitable at sea in all weathers, for more or less prolonged periods of time, they have turned out things which are not ships at all, though they may be called so by courtesy. Big and little, they will be half useless in war because human beings, who are made of flesh, bones, and blood, who have lungs and stomachs and spinal cords, who must eat occasionally and sleep from time to time, cannot live in them. This, also, we have said before; and the French have said it, and it must be said till it is hammered into the heads of Ministries and dockyard authorities. A third thing which has been said again and again, which the French have said often, and which the naval manœuvres have given occasion to say again, is this—that the fighting power of many of our warships has been sacrificed to speed, and that, as a just punishment, the speed has not been retained, even when it was attained on the measured mile. Warships cannot be built merely to go and to carry cargo like an ocean packet. They must supply a platform for guns and be solid. If the first thing thought of is speed, the platform and the solidity are sacrificed, but not discarded. The result is a compromise which, like other compromises, means a bundle of second-rate qualities. Our swift cruisers are apt, in fact, to be half-swift and half-strong. Meanwhile, the old *Hercules*, built when the tradition that a ship was not yet forgotten, keeps her sound and sufficient qualities after some twenty years of service, in spite of her accident at the beginning of the manœuvres. These are some of the lessons of the manœuvres, and others of the same stamp are to be obtained from them.

MORE UNEQUALITY.

WE were half afraid or—for there is nothing in these days like a little hypocrisy—let us say, we charitably hoped that the body which mystically calls itself the "C. E. T. S."—that is to say, the Church of England Temperance Society—was going to sit down under the correction that Mr. THOMAS WETHERED administered to it some weeks ago. Such conduct would not only have been Christian (and though there is nothing Christian in Total Abstinence, Temperance is undoubtedly a Christian virtue), it would also have been discreet; for Mr. WETHERED had got the Society so thoroughly in Chancery that, in the way of fair fighting, it could do nothing. But some considerable experience in the ways of this particular sect of will-worshippers made us pretty certain that Christianity and discretion (by the way, "Christianity and Discretion Dissuading the C. E. T. S. from 'Attacking Mr. WETHERED'" would be a simply unsurpassable subject for an allegorical ceiling in the old style) would not get the better of the Temperance man's usual intemperance, and that the Society, in Chancery though it be, would probably try to kick Mr. WETHERED's shins. And so it was. Although Mr. WETHERED was in error (the *Times* having held back for a time the "official" documents in question) in supposing in a further letter of his own that the C. E. T. S. was not going to give him an official answer, that well-intentioned victim of monomania, its Chairman, Canon ELLISON, and a polite London Diocesan Secretary, had already endeavoured to reply. And a publication which appears to be a kind of organ of the Society, and which is called the *Temperance Chronicle*, has also rushed to the rescue. All three give illustrations of temperance ways which are very instructive and edifying, and with which Mr. WETHERED ought to be well pleased.

A vain people may need reminding that Mr. WETHERED had been asked to contribute, he a brewer and unashamed, to the funds of the Society; the consistency of his doing so being urged upon him by the information that its fundamental principle was union on perfectly equal terms and partnership in government in, as far as possible, equal proportions between total abstainers and moderates. Mr. WETHERED, a much-inquiring man, found out on inquiry that the equal proportions were three teetotallers to one Laodicean, and that the samples of the equal terms vouchsafed him consisted, in part at least, of abuse of his trade, and scarcely veiled requests to know how he could have the impudence to meddle with the Society at all. Canon ELLISON's answer is, as might be expected from him, decent in form. It shirks, indeed, the plain question asked by Mr. WETHERED; and, instead of giving an answer, practically admits the charge. But it pleads that, though perhaps the advanced section may come to the front because they are greater busybodies than their fellows, "loyalty to the dual basis has, in practice, come to 'be the determining qualification for membership.'" Disloyalty to the dual basis (that is to say, the absolute equality of teetotallers and moderate men in the august and all-seeing eye of the C. E. T. S.) would be felt to be "a disqualification either for membership or for 'any office in the Society, paid or unpaid.'" Poor Canon ELLISON! While he thus wrote, or soon afterwards, "the 'London Diocesan Secretary, C. E. T. S.," an official who, we suppose, is either paid or unpaid, was writing to the effect that Mr. WETHERED "was a striking example of 'the old saying that 'he who drinks beer thinks beer.'" The great Basis lays it down that "a man may drink and not be 'drunk,'" and the paid or unpaid officials of the Society ask beer-drinkers and beer-brewers to subscribe to their funds. This Diocesan Secretary informs Mr. WETHERED that it is "no part of the Society's scheme to foster the liquor trade 'by affording help to the manufacturers.'" It was part of its scheme however, it appears, to ask them for subscriptions and call them names afterwards. Also Mr. WETHERED (who did not ask, but was asked, to join the Society) is informed that it "does not desire to admit those who aid and abet the 'drinking habits of the country.'" What a wobbly basis! What a wonderfully unanimous Society! One Diocesan Secretary asks a brewer who, we suppose, is a "manufacturer" of liquor and a "trader" in it, and an "aider and abettor of drinking habits," to give his noble honour's name and his noble honour's worship's money to the Society; another addresses to him the compliments we have just quoted and several others. Also the organ (which, by the way, is under the wholly erroneous impression that the elder Mr. WELLER was "a boozing pub-

"lican") rebuffs Mr. WETHERED with sarcastic references to a time when people "will ask lawyers to improve law off the face of the earth, and wait till the hangman agitates for the abolition of capital punishment." Unfortunately for the organ, that appears to be precisely what the Oxford Branch of the Society it represents did. Mr. WETHERED did not come to the Society; the Society went to Mr. WETHERED. It asked him for his money, the accursed thing derived from aiding and abetting the sale of drink; it asked him for his name, his hideous "entire" name; it put before him its rules. And when the poor man took the rules seriously and thought the Society meant what it said, lo! it calls him a "disappointed brewer," who "appears to have fancied that the C.E.T.S. had no special wish to prevent drinking." Well he might, since the fundamental basis of the Society is that it does not endeavour to prevent drinking, but only to prevent excessive drinking.

In other words, these communications, both anonymous and signed, contain, if not a very well-mannered or amiable, a very ingenious, confession that every word Mr. WETHERED has said is true. If the vile body of the moderate drinker chooses to join the Society, it may do so; if the vile purse of the moderate drinker will strengthen the sinews of war of the Society, let it by all means; for is it not well to spoil the Egyptians? Even if the abominable liquor-trader, the aider and abettor, the manufacturer, can be got at, let him be got at, and let us all relieve our souls by abusing him afterwards. The Reverend (we suppose he is Reverend) DENNIS HIRD is not a polished corner of the Temple; but, in his avowal that "he cannot answer for 'gentlemen,'" he is certainly an honest corner enough. He talks about the "undisguised misery which our present drinking laws and customs allow to prevail." What in the name of common sense is a drinking law? An enactment obliging all the lieges to go drunk to bed, to drink down to their peg at stated times? If the phrase had any meaning, that is what it would mean. Mr. DENNIS HIRD, of course, means by his absurdity the laws which regulate the sale of drink. And, according to him, every Christian must make strenuous efforts to "alter the existing evil" in these. Now observe that there is at the present moment, even in the Reverend Mr. HIRD's illegitimate sense of the word, no "drinking law" which facilitates the sale of drink. There are laws which (as some people think, not too wisely) restrain, hamper, and impede it. It is impossible to alter these (except in a sense which would set the Reverend DENNIS HIRD weeping and howling) without depriving the moderate drinker or the strictly temperate person (who is, we are told, at least equal in the eye of the C.E.T.S. with the Reverend DAWSON BURNS himself, if not superior) of his Christian liberty.

In fact, this C.E.T.S. appears to be an almost ideal example of a house divided against itself; and if it has stood hitherto, it can only be because one party of the inhabitants, with a meekness certainly Christian enough, has allowed itself to have practically nothing to do with the house except paying its expenses. Even Canon ELLISON, who has vestiges of sweet reasonableness, admits, with a delightful unconsciousness that he has swept his own legs from under him, that, though the Society's "basis" is a division of the executive into as far as possible equal proportions of moderates and abstainers, it "does not know, and has no right to ask, to which section the nominee 'belongs.'" To promise that you will have equal proportions of two unknown quantities, of two quantities which you "have no right to know," is a little rash surely. As for Mr. HIRD and the newspaper writer, the hoof of the teetotaller has stamped well through the "basis" in their case and is visibly protruding. We speak ourselves as quite impartial persons, who think a drunkard nearly as great a fool and nuisance, socially and intellectually, as a teetotaller, and (except when you come to the most acrid variety of those who put abstinence from alcohol in the place of the Deity), no doubt, a worse offender against religion and morality. To teach drunkards moderation, self-restraint, self-respect, and regard for others, is as good a work as to teach teetotallers charity, common sense, and thankfulness for the good gifts of God; and though we do not greatly love Societies for any purpose (the two Societies to which every born member of the Church and State of England belongs being enough for us), a Society for this double work would not be a bad thing. But this we do not gather that the C.E.T.S. is, even if its basis was as level as Mr. WETHERED has proved it to be unlevel.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S address to the Grand Committee of the Birmingham Liberal-Unionist Association—the 2,500 members of his "family," if we must humour Gladstonian wittlings by adopting their little joke—was in some respects even more calculated to irritate his opponents than are his deliverances in the House of Commons. He was not, it is true, quite so actively aggressive as he is in his place in Parliament, and rather rallied than denounced the "New Radicals" of his former party. It was not, however, his brief and contemptuous references to the STOREYS and LABOUCHERES of the Opposition, and to the fact that such men alone have been the gainers by Mr. GLADSTONE'S destruction of the Liberal party—it was not these passages in his speech which Gladstonians must have read with the greatest annoyance and disgust. His practical suggestions of policy, his tactical recommendations to the Government, are likely to have caused them much more agitation and concern than the fiercest invective or the most elaborate taunt that he could have flung at them. And in particular must these emotions have been excited by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposal for the treatment of the Irish land question in the next Session of Parliament. Such questions, says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN very truly, ought, as far as possible, to be treated as questions of national importance and raised above the level of mere party politics, and he accordingly suggests that the Government, "instead of introducing a Bill upon which they must stake their existence, and by which they must stand or fall, should submit their proposals to Parliament in the shape of resolutions, and invite upon them a free and frank discussion and a full criticism from all quarters of the House, enlightened by which they might afterwards proceed to embody in a Bill the general Parliamentary opinions which such debate had elicited."

Now we do not say that this advice of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S either will in fact, or even ought as a matter of policy to, be adopted. Wise Governments have other things to think of than merely embarrassing their opponents; and it is not always, or perhaps often, that the path of national duty, in respect of great political questions, is also the way to party advantage. But there can at least be no manner of doubt that the method of "procedure by resolution," in dealing with unsettled Irish problems, leads straight and surely to the latter of these goals, whatever may be the case as regards the former, and that no tactics so certain to confound and paralyse the Gladstonians could possibly be adopted. Their leader's stock argument against "abstract resolutions" would be unavailable in this case—first, because the resolutions would be voted upon with a view to immediate legislative action; secondly, because his own previous failure as a legislator on this very matter can be shown to have been largely due to his own ignorance of the general drift of Parliamentary and public opinion on the "principle of the thing"; and, thirdly, and most importantly of all, because Mr. GLADSTONE himself has created the aptest of all precedents for the proposed course by the way in which he dealt with the question of the Established Church of Ireland. To be compelled, in short, to treat the Irish land question as one raised above the level of party politics is exactly the last kind of compulsion which the Opposition and its leader would like to see laid upon them. Hence the feelings with which they will regard the author of the proposal to put them in this position will be of an even more impassioned nature than ever. The New Radicals, and especially the Scotch members, will feel that he is additionally endeared to them by the triple-barbed sarcasm which he cast at them as scandalized objectors to the idea of endowing Roman Catholic education in Ireland. But that project is still more or less in the air. They do not know—indeed, nobody does—exactly how much or how little the Government mean by their declaration on the subject. But the Irish land question comes nearer and nearer to actuality every year; and to find Mr. CHAMBERLAIN already to the fore with a plan for checkmating them with respect to it must be exasperating indeed.

AGRICULTURE AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

IT is not often that an appointment of such universally recognized fitness as that of Mr. CHAPLIN to the Presidency of the Board of Agriculture is announced to the public. Mr. CHAPLIN is a hard Parliamentary hitter, and

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would be the last man likely to escape the criticism of his opponents in this or any other connexion, if such criticism could with any show of reason be directed against him; but none such is forthcoming. Both in point of general capacity and special qualification—and the former is in these days the claim most likely to be overlooked—he is unmistakably designated for the post; and probably even his worst Radical enemy will be forced to content himself with the sneering observation that, if Mr. CHAPLIN seems made for the office, it would be equally plausible to say that the office was made for Mr. CHAPLIN. Assuming, however, that the experiment of creating it is a hopeful one, or, at any rate, one worth trying, the public will not regard it with any less favour for its affording the means of utilizing the best *expertise* which Parliament can furnish for the purpose of conducting it. It is not to be denied that, if a Board of Agriculture is capable of doing anything more for agricultural interests than the State has been able to do under the somewhat haphazard administrative system which has previously existed, it is more likely to effect this under the presidency of Mr. CHAPLIN than of any other politician who could be named. The extent and thoroughness of his practical knowledge of his subject is undisputed; and those who have impartially watched his political career will agree, moreover, that he brings to his new office an amount of general intellectual vigour and special Parliamentary ability which has not yet obtained the adequate appreciation of the public.

On one circumstance, at any rate, Mr. CHAPLIN is to be congratulated, and that is, that no very exaggerated anticipations have been formed or are likely to be formed of the beneficial potency of the Act which he has to administer. In this respect it, perhaps, differs from another chapter in the Statute Book of last Session—the Technical Instruction Act. We suspect that there are more people who think that technical education will powerfully assist British industry than who believe that a Board of Agriculture will revive the prosperity of the farmer; and to the former class of persons Lord Cross had some very salutary words of advice to give at the Cutlers' Feast the other night. Let us by all means, he said, establish the schools which the Act has given us the power to establish. In them we can train up our workmen, as the German, and the Austrian, and the Belgian and other nations are training theirs. It will be our own fault if in future it can be said that their artisans are better trained. But "do not think for one moment," Lord Cross added, "that you can teach them in school what ought to be taught in the workshop. If you think that by teaching in school you can do away with the workshop, you will commit the most fatal mistake that ever was made." The technical school, as Lord Cross truly says, is useful only as a preparation for the workshop, and must only be so used. We trust that so only it will be used; but we are quite sure that the warning which the SECRETARY for INDIA has just uttered was not unneeded, and we are even inclined to fear that it will need many and many a repetition yet. Parliament having been at the pains to provide for the establishment of technical schools, and the great multitude of bookish talkers and writers with whom we are blessed in these days having preached, after their not very wise manner, the wonderful efficacy of these institutions, it is inevitable that many persons should regard them as substitutes for the workshop, and should spend months, or perhaps years, in them which would be much better spent in the workshop itself. This possible mischief of our latest piece of paternal legislation is one which all sensible men should do their utmost to obviate.

CURIOUS CURIOS.

THE cry about *savoir* and *pouvoir* comes home to an old traveller who has roamed the world in youth, with no purpose beyond diversion. It is only a man of brains and fancy who sets forth to explore the universe so soon as he becomes his own master, and perseveres till he has seen the better part. Such a one, in after years—when the beard is whitening and the joints grow stiff—must needs take up some pursuit, or, at least, a hobby. Whatever it be—scientific, artistic, or anthropological—he will bemoan his wasted opportunities. He must read in dull and vague analysis the inner meaning of sights and scenes he has himself beheld. He will perceive that facts which passed before his eyes scarcely noticed held secrets of high value. He will find that in idle wandering he crossed the

track of mysteries all important now, skirted round them perhaps, with a blind indifference that seems wilful even to himself. It was in his power, perhaps, to decide questions of weight, earnestly and warmly discussed by the learned. Bitterest of all, he may see his own careless observations of the time quoted and balanced when the incident itself has almost slipped his memory. Then the despairing old lament rises fresh to his mind every hour.

We have not been quite so reckless as other travellers of this class in omitting to note down and preserve odd memorials; but by comparison with our opportunities what we have done is pitiable. Our list of curious curios may properly open in Stamboul, for it is not worth while to speak of Europe proper. There are interesting arts and examples in the Russian Empire, but they fall under the influence of the East, so far as we recollect them. They say that the Bezestan is quite ransacked, all its stores empty, and even its supplies exhausted—saving the perennial fountains of Birmingham and Paris. It is very likely. In our time there were foreigners who kept the whole area under constant survey, and bought indiscriminately everything which was strange. For years now the same process has been carried on wholesale. Foremost in the catalogue of our plunder we set two little pieces of earthenware, such as collectors term *écuelles*, of a manufacture which no expert of our acquaintance has identified. They are exceedingly light, very dark grey in colour, the ground closely strewn with spicules of a shining white metal, upon which stands out a bold and graceful pattern of ornament, jet black. In form and decoration these little things are as beautiful as striking. The merchant attributed them to Broussa; but that is his custom when at a loss. Very charming, also, are the Dervish crutches of high class—those that belonged to fashionable anchorites. We have seen them of ivory, inlaid with silver; but more common are those of ebony, inlaid with gold flowers of daintiest workmanship—perhaps we should speak of such things in the past tense. The official posture of the Dervish—as one may say—is recumbent. His crutch measures some eight inches in length, and he rests it beneath his left shoulder, while with his right hand he brandishes an article essential to his comfort and his business—the scratcher. We have seen specimens of this, also, very costly and tasteful—the finest, of ivory and gold. They always represent a hand at the extremity of a slender shaft, one to two feet long. Sometimes the fingers are clenched, the index and thumb extended. Our example—to which a tragic story is attached—shows a hand half-closed upon a snake, which curls and twists in such a manner that it would scratch with a vengeance, the belly being roughened. This implement is of large size, made from very heavy wood, in two pieces only; its shaft, near an inch in diameter, is carved *à jour* at the base, very boldly and accurately, in the fashion of chain-work, with a loose ring cut out of the solid. Some one, perhaps the Dervish himself, must have occupied the best part of a lifetime in shaping this object. With it he drummed upon his alms-box—a cocoa-nut sculptured and polished, one of the double ones from the Seychelles for choice—and scratched his back, and occasionally administered a smart tap to the uncharitable. He tapped too hard once, being drunk, they say, and fractured the skull of a child, outside the door of Alla-odeen Bey, an Albanian chief, and a finished gentleman, who was abused like a pickpocket in certain English papers just before the war.

We have a great liking for the Albanians, and an intense admiration for all their work—of the peaceful kind. Among the peoples to whom wide travel has introduced us there is not one that shows the sense of beauty and fitness, which combined form taste, in a degree to be compared with these gallant savages. They stand among modern races as Hellenes stood among the ancient; but, of course, their opportunities are very, very few and narrow. Yet, if it can be said that all they do is striking and beautiful, no higher praise may be given to man. In every collection of curios examples of their favourite decoration—gold or silver and coral—may be found. The great majority of these are imitation, but so fine is the idea that they must needs be effective. A "set" of weapons, really good, such as used to be common in the Bezestan, but uncommonly dear, is to our mind a joy for ever. One may study it from every point of view—form, grace, and colour—and it delights. The most superb piece of embroidery we ever saw, in Court, or *Trésor*, or museum, is a fringed handkerchief bought from the head of an Albanian girl. It has nothing of our "patterns." Upon a dull, dun ground, profusely shaded with embroidery of a somewhat paler hue, stand shapeless devices in black outline filled with brilliant scarlet, but touched here and there with sky-blue—such a study of colour as our experience of art cannot parallel. And assuredly it was no chance success, for we have seen many of the same order, though none so grand. Whether the superb maiden from whom it was bought at Antivari was herself the genius who made that design could not be ascertained; but it is probable. There are goldsmiths and artificers, of course, in Albania; but every man seems to be prepared to take a pan of charcoal, a blow-pipe, and any sort of tool that comes to hand, and shape a pretty thing in metal "out of his own head"; it is so probably with the women in their department. Sailing once along those shores we observed a Ghegghe warrior, with stomach armoured in handsome weapons, who wore around his neck a chain of twisted silver wire, from which hung two long cordons, both beautiful, but one supreme in its ingenious and complicated grace.

A Ghegghe is as proud a man as can be found—so proud and so conscious of his worth, that one may say to him without offence what feebler souls would regard as insulting—but only with extreme courtesy!—if that be omitted it is safer to address a Pathan Ghazi. So, after due formalities, we asked this fine fellow if he would sell his chain. "Two lire," said he quite calmly, and put it into our hands. In explanation of the low price he stated that it was his own work—and doubtless he had looted the silver. In the Far East we shall have to mention such amateur artificers again, if we live to tell the curios of that interesting region; Turkey is not nearly exhausted yet. Among Circassians, also, many warriors execute their own jewelry and so forth, and that, too, in the lovely enamel called "Tulla," from the name of the Russian town where Catherine established a colony of these artists. But the Tulla work of commerce, admired by inexperience, is a grotesque caricature of the native manufacture. Very many Russian officers have their sword-hilts so adorned. When we once expressed rapture unfeigned over a beautiful specimen worn by the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaïvitch, he mentioned that it was wrought by a private in his Guard, a Terek Cossack—that is, Circassian—and assured us that the same man would make a facsimile for three Imperials. The finest examples of Tulla enamel which can be obtained in open market—sometimes—are those drinking cups used by ladies at the bath in harems of the rich. The material is *beshtik* silver—obtained by melting the debased coinage, usually gilt, and finely granulated on the outer surface. Devices large and bold, jet-black in the shadows, so to speak, blurred to an inky brown in the lights, stand forth grandly on this background of rough gold. They have no particular shape, though symmetrically repeated, and linked by festooned scrolls after the manner of garlands. There is perhaps a vague suggestion of spears and swords and flags arranged in a trophy, but nothing definite. Such art rises above form and method. We possess, however, a very ancient example of Tulla work, from which the enamel is almost smoothed away. Upon this box two figures, distinctly Persian in character, are spurring, with lances poised, towards a castle surrounded with trees. Nothing of the sort is produced nowadays in Circassia or elsewhere. If the art was originally Persian, it has been vastly improved.

Sheik 'Mtier, that supreme ruffian who betrayed and put to death poor Palmer and his comrades, introduced us to a style of embroidery hitherto unfamiliar. The fancy could not conceive a more striking type than his—tall, lean, majestic, always still in attitude, but watching—watching without a blink—his eyes strangely shadeless, keen and round as a vulture's, turning from one person to another unwearying, hour after hour, during those long conferences. We have seen many Bedouins, but never one who showed so clearly in his face the consciousness that all men's hands are raised against his people, and the assurance also that he himself could well hold his own. The Sheikh's grand figure was always enveloped in a black burnoose, but under the tasselled rope which bound his head he wore a scarf gorgeously worked in gold over the whole surface. That was the finishing touch to a superb picture—not undesigned. The savage chief knew well what he was doing, assuredly, when he crowned the wide and stately folds of his black cloak with a golden glory, and surrounded his dark, terrible face with sheeny silk. It would never have done to propose "trade" to a Bedouin of this legendary type, but with some hesitation Professor Palmer asked whence came his remarkable scarf. "Mecca," 'Mtier replied in his brief way, looking at us the while with a gaze of such intense and concentrated scrutiny, that if we had really thought of stealing the Kaaba we should have felt very uncomfortable. Specimens of this manufacture are not easily found, but they repay much trouble in the search. It would seem that there are two classes of scarf known as Mecca embroidery—the one narrow, adorned at each end with gold work disposed in long triangles, after the fashion so oddly prevalent from Montenegro to Samarcand among the less artistic peoples. The other class is much larger, and covered with gold in a very intricate design, while the ends are decorated with those same triangles, two to three feet long. Merchants of Cairo do not know how these things are made. The grandest piece of gold cloth that ever came before our notice is probably from Mecca—it was the State napkin of Sultan Mahmoud's Caffajee, which that official wore over his left hand and arm when presenting the tray. This glorious object is cream-white silk, closely woven with gold stars on one face, with gold squares on the other. The border has a charming pattern in flowers of gold on pale blue ground, which is reversed on the other side. One might form very erroneous notions of the taste and beauty displayed in old Turkish dress from objects like this. The contrast of its graceful and costly magnificence with the threadbare tail-coat and ill-arranged white tie of the Caffajee now officiating at Yildiz, is too grotesquely sad. But it is the one utility of that Museum called "of the Janisaries," beside the Hippodrome, that it removes any feeling of the sort. A tail-coat may be vulgar and sordid, but it is not offensive, like the phenomenon of ugliness and bad taste there on view—the authentic livery whereof this charming scarf was a detail. But the greatest of Mecca work is a singularly bold, loose style of embroidery upon cloth of black camel's-hair. The stitches rise high in stiff little loops of extremely brilliant colour, and the effect thus produced is but ill described by the word gorgeous. No skilled workwoman of our acquaintance has been able as yet to copy this stitch, and we cannot consent to pull our noble cloth to pieces. Smaller examples might be found, however.

From Stamboul and Egypt and Arabia we may conveniently pass to India—but not to-day. It was our intention to exhaust the world of curious curios when we sat down; we have only touched a corner of it.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF MR. TUPMAN.

A BUSINESS like that of the dockers' strike is always fertile in studies for the anthropologist, and it is only to be regretted that some of its aspects almost necessarily engross attention to the neglect of the others. We treat elsewhere the general and important aspect as well as some of the minor ones—such as that eminent piece of human nature, the evidence given by the shipowners of their sense of the great truth that the dockowners' difficulty is as much the shipowners' opportunity as ever England's difficulty was the opportunity of what Shakspeare, with a most improper and unusual, but no doubt purely dramatic, illiberality, calls "the weasel Scot." We may or we may not double upon some things; we must omit or pass lightly over some. Such, for instance, is the curious pertinacity with which at such times what may be called the *Household Words* style of journalism is revived. It is not, we think, very effective now, for it has long ago been surpassed by the still more palpitating actuality of the journals of the gutter. Even the reader most guiltless of the knowledge of "Satan's Invisible World Displayed" must by this time have more than an inkling of the way in which it is done, and of the fact that any person at all skilled in the craft can write a paper of the kind just as well comfortably sitting in his room and never having stirred out of it as after a weary perambulation to Limehouse and Shadwell. But it still goes on, and the "gaunt docker" with "wan, stern smiles," and his children with "pinched countenances," and his wife with a "dazed look," and all the rest of it, continue to be served out exactly as if they were hot and hot, and not the veriest Jacks of Dover that had ever been warmed up out of a penny-a-liner's own head a hundred times over. God forbid that we should jeer at gauntness, or at anything of the kind, if it were a reality! But the things to which we refer are to any one who has the faintest power of telling true metal from false mere shams in themselves, whether or no there be somewhere at the same time, owing to the folly of some folk and the scoundrelism of others, realities of which the shams are pitiful counterfeits.

For the present, however, we intend pretty much to confine ourselves to a single and definite subject—the truly mirifical and stupendous exhibition which has been made in the last week or two of that peculiar virtue, the philanthropy of the vicarious and Tupmannic kind which refers deserving objects to other persons for relief in money and in kind. It has been a commonplace of newspapers to talk of the "sympathy" shown to the strikers. At first, we believe, there was a not inconsiderable amount of sympathy, which was quite respectable, genuine, and of such a kind that a rational man need not have blushed to share it. The dock labourers were commonly reported, if not exactly known, to be paid on scales considerably lower (all things taken into consideration) than, let us say, the scales of remuneration of a political agitator, or a newspaper proprietor who runs down the Court, and fills his columns with Court tittle-tattle, or a minister of any denomination who lives on pew-rents, and is popular. The most elaborate and solemn assurances were given that the strike was to be conducted on the strictest principles of abstinence from intimidation. A very few days showed that all this was mere bosh. It was not to be a fair battle between men who (as they had a perfect right to do) chose to withhold their labour and take the consequences and men who (as they had an equal right to do) tried to supply their want of that labour as best they could. The strike leaders tried to paralyse all the industries of London, and partly succeeded. They bid for a general collapse of trade, and only sulkily withdrew the bid. Thousands of their pickets threatened and maltreated poor wretches whose only crime was the offering of honest labour at the price it would fetch. This very soon altered the views of people of common sense. But it did not alter the views of Mr. Tupman. He continued, from under a Cardinal's hat, from out of a curate's cassock, from every conceivable garb—even, we regret deeply to say, from within the venerable form of our friend Mr. Punch (who may, perhaps, be not "all there," to judge from the festive contents of part of his week's number)—to implore other people to relieve distress, to scold other people because they did not relieve distress, to preach sermons of a high and melancholy morality as to the gross selfishness of those dock directors who would not give up to the dockers the possible dividend due, not merely to themselves, but to their trustees the shareholders. He, Mr. Tupman, was quite willing to give up other people's money; why should the directors boggle? And the miraculous thing is that there are some people who have taken Mr. Tupman's advice. Some of these we understand. Cardinal Manning is naturally as prodigal of the goods of dock shareholders as his brethren Archbishops Walsh and Croke of the goods of landlords. Eminent politicians, through the safe channels of their wives and sons-in-law, can cast bread upon the waters with a tolerable certainty of finding it after days more or fewer. Less eminent politicians understand the virtues of "ground-baiting" seats. "One Whose Blood Boils at Tyranny" or "Anthrophophilus Theoblasphemous Snooks" may

cheaply purchase the sight of these designations in print by sending one-and-seventeen-halfpenny to *The Nightman* or *The Farthing Candle*. But there would seem to be a certain number of the public—the genuine, good, stupid public—who have obeyed Mr. Tupman and subscribed, without the least appreciation of the rod that they are putting in pickle for their own backs to suffer and for Mr. John Burns to wield.

The state of mind of the people who do this—who subscribe money to feed the idle unemployed into a condition of health strong enough to "bash" industrious blacklegs into mummies—is exceedingly well illustrated by a coroner's juror at Poplar on Tuesday. The case was one of those too common cases—each of which is, in effect, a case of manslaughter by the strikers—in which an unskilled workman, put on to do work which Cardinal Manning's and Mr. Tupman's protégés refuse to do, fell down a hold and was killed. Cardinal Manning's and Mr. Tupman's protégés might not improbably have given him not less hard measure if he had not fallen down the hold; but that may be passed. Hear the words of the sapient juror:—"If the Company had employed experienced workmen the accident would, in all probability, never have happened. At the present time the Companies advertise and take on anybody, and I think it is scandalous." When one reads words like this one is, as old authors say, "filled with admiration and deep muse," after indulging which for some time many things become clear to the mind. This juror can hardly have been an acknowledged lunatic; he must, from the allusions in his remarks, have been aware that there is a strike on, that the Companies desire nothing so much as to "employ experienced workmen," and that the experienced workmen prefer to listen to Mr. Burns, to take strike pay, to do nothing except bash a blackleg now and then. But he thought it scandalous, not of the men, but of the Companies.

This kind of person no doubt it is who, in different ranks of life, supplies what may be called the genuine subscription to the strike funds. He has been told by agitators, by sentimentalists, by interested politicians, by interested clerics, by newspapers, that the men "don't get their rights." It never occurs to him that, if at the present moment the Companies adopted the utmost principle of liberality according to Mr. Tupman and handed over their whole net earnings to Mr. Burns's lambs, it would hardly give the labourer what he demands, certainly not what he would demand later. Still less, of course, does it occur to him that capital will hardly care in future to start and maintain enterprises the profits of which are to depend on Manning-Tupman philanthropy; or that, as not only theory, but bitter experience shows, nothing in the world is easier than to quarrel with your bread and scrape till you may cry in vain even for dry bread because the trade which gave it you had gone elsewhere. No! He has been told to "sympathize with the docker," and he "sympathizes" at the bidding of Mr. Tupman.

But is Mr. Tupman himself sincere? Very often, no doubt, he is not; but probably he sometimes, and even not seldom, is. When we get good Mr. Broadhurst getting up and plaintively asking in full Trades-Union Congress whether he may not do what he likes with his own and buy shares in such and such a Company, another glare of light bursts on the mind. The general Trade-Union theory, the plea for relief for these strikers, looks, in the light of Mr. Broadhurst's plea for his possession of shares which pay twenty-five per cent. (we wish we had some), very much as the Poplar juror's theory of the scandalousness of the Companies who won't employ experienced workmen looks in face of the fact that the experienced workmen decline to be employed; and as Cardinal Manning's generosity at the expense of A, who is trustee for B, looks in the light, let us say, of the story of Saint Martin and the Cloak. Ah, what a foolish man Saint Martin was, and how the princes and saints of what calls itself his Church have improved since his day! If the saint had only had some of Cardinal Manning's lights, he would have cut somebody else's cloak for the beggar, and preached (with universal approval) a sermon of reprobation in case the hardened offender had objected. But they were benighted persons in those days. In fact, if Saint Martin, who was a military man, had come upon pickets employed in "turning a man round till his clothes came off him" (the words of a friendly reporter), and so forth, we really do fear that, instead of drawing his sword to cut his cloak, Saint Martin would have drawn it to administer a little correction, perhaps with the flat, perhaps with the edge, to the heroic pickets who are supported by the charity which Mr. Tupman tells other people to give.

RACING.

TEN thousand pounds are said to have been offered and refused, two or three years ago, for The Baron, who won the Brighton Cup, and six thousand are understood to have been given not long ago for Vasistas, who ran second for it. The Baron is what is called a disappointing horse, and with good reason; yet, like many horses thus described, he has paid his way, having won more than 5,000*l.* in stakes, and with his good looks and good breeding he ought to make a valuable stallion. That such a moderate horse, however, as he has turned out should have beaten the winner of this year's Grand Prix de Paris says little for the field that ran in the latter

race, although The Baron himself had run second for a Grand Prix in his day. It cannot be said that Vasistas pleased the British critics, who called him a narrow, mean-looking plater. He was beaten again for another race at Brighton by Whistle Jacket, whose price of 3,600 guineas seemed quite small in comparison with his own; but he was meeting him at a disadvantage of a stone at weight for age. Those who went to the Northern Meetings during the week after Goodwood saw some curious examples of in-and-out running. On the Monday, at Ripon, Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Blair Hope was last in a very moderate field of four horses, after starting at the long price of 12 to 1; on the Thursday he was backed at half those odds, and was barely beaten a neck by Warlabby, after a very close race. For the Claro Plate for two-year-olds, at Ripon, 9 to 2 was laid on Lockhart, who had won all the four races for which he had started, having beaten, among others, Prince of Tyre, a winner of eight races; yet, wonderful to relate, he was now beaten a length and a half by Mr. T. Holmes's Dauntless, who had been unplaced to him on only 2 lbs. worse terms twelve days earlier. We may anticipate here by saying that at Stockton he was beaten a length by Mr. McGregor, and that last week, at York, Mr. McGregor was unplaced to him when he won the Gimcrack Stakes, although they were meeting at almost the same weights. It is but fair to mention the fact that the race at Stockton was run in a heavy storm, and that the course was boggy in one part, and under such conditions some excuse must be made for apparently inconsistent running.

At Lewes none of the more brilliant two-year-old performers of the season ran for the Astley Stakes, and the favourite was Mr. Maple's Biondina, the winner of the Corporation Stakes at Brighton on the previous Tuesday. Garter was second favourite, and Bena, Cushat, and Spring Cup were backed next at the same odds; but Porter, the trainer, won the race with Sanfoin, an outsider at 8 to 1 that had never run in public before. As he was receiving 10 lbs. from the remarkably good-looking, but rather moderate, performer, Garter, who ran second, he has not yet become entitled to be considered of the first class, especially if the rumour be true that Garter was interfered with by Spring Cup near the distance. With Stockwell within the third degree on each of the extreme sides of his pedigree, and four strains of Birdcatcher and two of Touchstone in the course of it, Sanfoin's blood is excellent. He has plenty of length, rather high quarters, and grand shoulders. Altogether, this handsome chestnut colt ought to turn out a capital bargain on his yearling price of 550 guineas; indeed, it is said that 3,000*l.* was offered for him within a day or two of his victory. Unfortunately, although he is entered for the Derby, St. Leger, and several other important races of next year, he was, at the time of the Lewes Meeting, without any further engagements for this season, and, worse still, he is reported to be a sufferer from rheumatism.

A still more illustrious rheumatic patient appeared, after a long absence from public racecourses, at the Redcar Second Summer Meeting. This was Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob, whom many people had considered the best two-year-old of last season. The Tenth Great National Breeder's Foal Stakes was his first race of the year, and, with much extra weight on his back, he won with the greatest ease from a very second-rate field. It was a dull race enough, nor was it one of large monetary value; nevertheless, it aroused a great deal of interest and excitement, as it had the effect of establishing a strong second favourite for the St. Leger, and not a few good judges asked whether this grand, powerful, bright-chestnut son of Robert the Devil might not yet turn out to be the best colt of the year. Two days later, Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorina, by winning the Berkshire Plate for two-year-olds at Windsor, brought up her gains in stakes to 8,071*l.* This was her sixth unbroken victory, and thus far she was the largest two-year-old winner of the season. Another brilliant two-year-old, Lord Zetland's Margarine, won the Wynyard Plate of 750*l.* at Stockton, giving weight to everything in the race. She is by Petrarch out of a mare by the Duke, out of a Melbourne mare, and her depth of girth, good shoulders, square quarters, and excellent limbs delighted the critics. On the following day, Lord Zetland won the Hardwicke Stakes at the same meeting with another two-year-old, his grey colt Fontainebleau, who now won his first victory. He is a well-topped colt; but some authorities on horseflesh object to his feet, and judging from his previous form, as well as from his subsequent defeat at York, he must be very moderate. Lord Zetland won the Great Northern St. Leger on the same afternoon with Pinzon, who gave Workington 3 lbs. and beat him by a head, while the winner of the Oaks finished half a dozen lengths behind them. On this form Mr. E. Lascelles's Nunthorpe, who had beaten Workington easily by three-quarters of a length at even weights at Redcar, appeared to be at least as good, and possibly even better, than Pinzon, who could only just beat Workington when giving him 3 lbs.; but, as we shall show presently, this did not prove to be the case. Although he has lost a great many races, Pinzon has won 3,000*l.* in stakes, and in this he must be considered lucky, for had not Gulliver fallen lame in the race for the Midland Derby of 1,379*l.*, it is unlikely that Pinzon would have beaten him by half a length, even when receiving 4 lbs. On the first day of the Stockton Meeting, a so-called "good thing" proved a failure for the Stockton Handicap. As soon as the betting opened 3 to 1 was taken about Mr. C. Perkins's St. Martin, a four-year-old that had never won a race; and more and more money was

invested on him until he reached a fraction less than 2 to 1. Why he should have been so heavily backed public form does not tell us. He now beat everything except Mr. R. Osborne's Countess Lilian, an outsider who started at 14 to 1, and diverted the intended gains of St. Martins's backers into other channels.

There was a good day's racing on the Tuesday of the York Meeting. Mr. Maple's ill-tempered colt, Hugo, disappointed the army of backers that made him first favourite by refusing to make even a pretence of racing for the Lonsdale Plate, while Colonel Forester's rather lightly-made Stone Cross, who started at 10 to 1, won by a neck after a capital race with an even greater outsider. The odds of 2 to 1 which were laid on Mr. H. Milner's Antibes for the Yorkshire Oaks were hardly justified; for it was all that she could do to beat Minthe, who was giving her 3 lbs., by a neck, and, at the weights, one filly may be said to have run about as well as the other. For the One Thousand Antibes had been unplaced to Minthe, a fact which may give some idea of the improvement made by the former filly between the spring and the autumn. Mr. C. J. Blake's Killowen, a good-looking chestnut colt by Arbitrator, that had never run in public before, was made favourite for the Great Breeder's Convivial Produce Stakes; but he only ran third, the race being won by Mr. W. Low's Right Away, an own brother to Veracity that had cost 1,150 guineas as a yearling. Among the unplaced horses were Fontainebleau, the winner of the already mentioned Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton, and L'Abbé Morin, another winner. Right Away's success did honour to Le Nord, who had given him 5 lbs. and a beating by a length at Goodwood. For the second time in a couple of hours a race was won by a 10 to 1 outsider, when Mr. J. Bibby's St. Kentigern won the Bradgate Park Stakes; and the last race of the day fell to almost as great an outsider, in Zeno, who started at 8 to 1, and won by eight lengths. Lord Penrhyn's Far Niente, a well-shaped two-year-old colt, with plenty of bone, by Galliard, won his first race, after six failures, in the Badminton Plate.

On the second day, at the York Meeting, the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green was made a better favourite than Lord Zetland's Margarine in a field of sixteen for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, because he was to receive 12 lbs. from that filly. As soon as he had arrived at the post he began to show temper, and eventually he became almost unmanageable. When the flag fell he was the last to get off, yet he gradually overhauled the leading horses, and ran Margarine to half a length; so it is reasonable to suppose that he would have won if he had had a fair start, not that there would have been much credit in beating Margarine at the weights. Backers showed great discrimination in their betting on the Great Ebor Handicap, as the first, second, and third favourites ran first, second, and third in the race. These three horses were carrying the heaviest weights in the handicap, and their relative positions were in proportion to their weights—the heaviest being borne by the winner. It was undoubtedly a good performance on the part of Mr. J. Lowther's King Monmouth to win by a length and a half under 8 st. 12 lbs.; and the Australian horse Ringmaster ran well under his 7 st. 13 lbs.; while Mr. Maple's Peeler was a bad third. King Monmouth has now been racing for six years, and he has won about 11,000*l.* in stakes. Mr. J. Lowther had the further good fortune of winning the last race of the day, the Ebor St. Leger, with Workington, who gave Mr. H. Hall's Quartus, a colt that had been backed for the Doncaster St. Leger, 4 lbs. and a beating by a length and a half. As will be inferred from races which we have already described, this running represented Quartus inferior to Pinzon, and apparently even more so to Nunthorpe.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which was worth the comparatively small sum, for these days, of 655*l.*, was one of the most interesting races run since the Derby in relation to the St. Leger. There were rumours that Chitabob was a non-stayer, and he was now to be tried over a mile and three-quarters with the St. Leger colts, Pinzon, Nunthorpe, and Scottish Fusilier. Odds were laid upon Chitabob, and he won; but this was not all; for, as soon as Fagan allowed him to go to the front, he had his three opponents completely at his mercy; and although, through his jockey's easing him at the distance—rather too liberally in the opinion of some racing critics—Pinzon was enabled to finish at his girths, it was obvious that he could have won by several lengths if he had been allowed to do so. As we said above, recent running had pointed to Nunthorpe as being at least as good as Pinzon, yet Pinzon now beat Nunthorpe with the greatest ease. The race for the Great Yorkshire Stakes effected a revolution in the betting on the St. Leger; but we must, for the present, leave the question of its special bearing upon that event to the adventurous army of racing prophets; this much, however, we may say, that it revived an interest in what had threatened to be a singularly dull St. Leger.

This week, at Derby, Captain Machell's fine, lengthy Hermit filly, Heresy, beat a field of fourteen for the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, giving 8 lbs. and a beating by three-quarters of a length to Mr. De la Rue's Dearest, who had cost 1,700 guineas as a yearling. As much as 12 to 1 was laid against the winner. Signorina added 800*l.* to her winnings by cantering in before a good second-rate field for the Harrington Stakes; and on the same day St. Peter, by Peter, achieved his first victory in a field of eighteen for the Devonshire Nursery Handicap, winning by a neck from Mr. W. Low's Gold Wing, who had cost her owner

2,600 guineas last season. Mr. J. Lowther's Workington won the Breeders' St. Leger "hands down by a length" from Antibes, and, indirectly, his victory increased the confidence of the backers of Chitabob for the St. Leger.

THE CAMBRIANS IN BRITANNY.

IT was a happy thought, in the best sense of that much-abused term, that the antiquarians of Wales should have their annual campaign in Brittany this year. For Brittany is one of the most fascinating countries in Europe for antiquarians, whatever their nationality may be, and to educated Welshmen it could hardly help being doubly so. Leaving aside, however, the Breton language, which tickles the Welshman's ear with a sort of quaint mockery of his own, one of the first things to strike him is the old-fashioned ways of the people, as compared with what he has seen in Wales or met with in England. Here he notices a method of threshing which greatly exercises him, there he comes across a plough which he cannot understand, and he constantly witnesses the prevalence of a creed which he somewhat promiscuously associates with the dark ages. For the visible symbols of Latin Christianity meet him at every point, and frequently in very crude forms. The other day we passed a roadside cross of so primitive an appearance that in one respect it reminded us of some Irish figures of the eighth or ninth century, and altogether it gave us the idea of its being very old; but, on mentioning it to an authority on Breton matters and a native of the district, he assured us that, so far from the cross being some nine or ten centuries old, its maker was still living at a neighbouring town and thriving on the profits of his pursuit of the fine arts. This crucifier of lapidary monsters had discovered, beyond all doubt, a short cut to one goal of the sculptor's ambition, the great art of concealing art. So one has to be cautioned continually against the error of regarding mere crudity as a mark of age in Brittany.

The first day of the excursion on the French side of the Channel was spent in travelling to Vannes, and a pretty long day it was, thanks to the slowness of French trains. With the next day began the real business of the Association, the inspection of the contents of the museum. There everybody naturally expects to find the archaeological spoils of the district; but few who have not been at Vannes can form any adequate idea of the wealth of prehistoric and Galloroman treasures to be seen in the museum; at any rate, that is decidedly our impression, when we call to mind, for the purposes of comparison, the contents, for example, of the barrows explored by Canon Greenwell in England. Some of the celts are unsurpassable, to say nothing of the necklaces of callais, the Galloroman torques, and other objects of value. The museum owes a great part of its present wealth to finds made since the year 1850, and the whole is arranged in three departments. The first of these is devoted to prehistoric objects, which are grouped, to some extent, with reference to the localities in which they were found. The next department is devoted to the bronzes and various things of Galloroman origin; while the third consists of objects belonging to the middle ages. In one respect the Cambrians were unfortunate—the finest prehistoric objects from Tumiac had been lent to the Paris Exhibition. On the other hand, they were allowed access to private collections, such as that of M. de Limur. And that contained in a house dating from about the middle of the seventeenth century, representing unchanged the dwellings of provincial gentlemen anterior to the French Revolution, and reminding one to some extent of the palaces of Florence; you missed only the powder and the elaborate dress of the period to complete the picture such as it was in the eighteenth century. Brittany is slow of change even when pushed from beyond by revolutions on the banks of the Seine.

At Vannes the visitors were successful in enlisting the able and disinterested services of a well-known Breton archaeologist, Dr. de Closmadeuc, President of the Société Polymathique, under whose auspices most of the works of search in the Morbihan were conducted. By his advice, a steamboat was secured for the excursion of the following day, which enabled the party to reach the points of interest in a most comfortable fashion. As the vessel paddled about in the gulf of the Morbihan the view changed every minute, and Dr. de Closmadeuc plied his fellow Brythons at every point with the place-names, which were in most cases such as the Kymry were at once able to equate or compare with the same or similar names in the Principality. This was by way of amusement accompanied by an indication of the spots where the Doctor and his friends had found the objects which the party examined at Vannes. Presently some of the spots themselves were visited, and many a covered alley carefully scanned, candle in hand. The first and far the most curious of its kind was that in Gavr Inis, where the stones of the building are more elaborately and completely covered with ornamentation than any others visited in the district. Here the archaeologists wise in lapidary matters had a little discussion whether the carving had been done before or after the stones had been fixed in their places; but some tree-like ornamentation in a recess was discovered to make for the former view. Its advocates seemed also, later in the day, to score a point when one of the supports of a dolmen at Locmariaker covered a portion of the carved under-surface of the capstone. As the party included in its

number several sceptical spirits, one missed the airing of wild theories usual on occasions of the kind, and even the great menhirs failed to elicit a single expression of genuine belief in phallic worship. However, the Doctor had a theory which we must not pass over in silence. Besides the dolmens and menhirs visited, a cromlech was shown on an islet called Er Lanic, opposite Gavr Inis. A part only of this cromlech is now visible, the rest being under water; nor is that all, for hard by lies another cromlech which is wholly covered by the sea. On these facts, for such they seem to be, the Breton archaeologist builds an important theory. Before, however, we make any further reference to it, we must explain that a cromlech in the language of French archaeology means a circle of large stones, while what is called in Wales a cromlech is in Brittany a dolmen, the latter word being interpreted to mean a stone table, in reference to the capstone supported by upright stones. The word is somewhat incorrectly formed from real Breton words of the Vannes dialect—namely *tol*, “a table” (with the article it becomes *an dol*, “the table”), and *men*, “a stone”; but those of the party who were word-wise failed to find any peasant in the habit of calling the dolmen near his dwelling *an dol men*. The same applies to the word cromlech, the use of which may, for anything we know, be confined to archaeologists. In any case the question forces itself upon us, how the word cromlech came to differ so much in meaning in Wales and Brittany. Now, from the submerged cromlechs of Er Lanic, Dr. de Closmadeuc argues that, since the time when the stones were set up, the island, or rather the whole neighbourhood, has subsided very considerably. In fact, he goes so far as to think that the whole archipelago of the Morbihan Gulf was then a part of the mainland, traversed by a single river and its tributaries. Thus Gavr Inis and the other islands would have no existence as such at that time, and this theory has been accepted by such authorities as Desjardins, who would apply it to Galloroman times. But the Breton doctor refuses to have the date of the building of the cromlechs brought down to the Galloroman period, as he would rather suppose them set up an indefinite length of time anterior to Cæsar’s destruction of the power of the Veneti and the Armorican league. It is but right, however, to add that he not only admits that the subsidence is still going on, but that he has himself adduced facts serving to mark the more recent stages in its progress. On the other hand, the formation of the Gulf of the Morbihan since Cæsar’s time serves him as an explanation of the impossibility at the present day of discovering the towns and ports alluded to in Cæsar’s passages referring to the Veneti.

This day spent in the Morbihan was a long and busy one, which was ended by the return of the party to Auray, where a Cambrian deeply impressed with the belief in the permanence of ancient habits and customs found the prehistoric hatchet pictured on the dolmens still in use for splitting wood for fuel. We are here tempted to leave the business of the excursion for a moment in order to notice one of the other pleasures of the day, that of beholding beautiful scenery. Auray is very well situated, and the view on both sides of the river as you come up the stream is very fine. Here and there it reminded some of the prettiest bits of the Menai Straits, and to its natural charms of sheets of water, green fields, and groves it added the interest attaching to antiquity, in the form of the remains of a Roman aqueduct which once crossed the river; in Wales the footprints of ancient Rome are far fewer and much harder to trace. But what one misses most in Breton scenery is mountains, and this deficiency prepares one to find the Vannetais word *mané*, “mountain,” brought down to mean a mound in the sense in which that word was used by Pennant and others of his time for what is now more usually called a *mound* or *tumulus*. It is needless to say that the guide-books industriously mix up *mané* with *men*, “a stone,” and that the reader would do well to make it a rule to skip the etymologies with which they are abundantly adorned.

The next day was spent in visiting Plouharnel and Carnac, together with many other places of interest on the way. The museum at Plouharnel was inspected, and the still richer one formed by James Miln at Carnac; but the new feature of the day’s work was the walk to the lines of standing stones characteristic of the district. The mystery of the origin of these alignments, as they are called, is perhaps more inscrutable than that of the dolmens and cromlechs; but otherwise they are, to our thinking, far less interesting. The day after was devoted to Erdevan, Courconno, and other places rich in the same attractions as those of the two previous days. Then came Sunday, with its much-needed rest; but some of the party, so far from resting, exerted themselves to find a church where a Breton sermon might be heard; not, as they learned, an easy matter in the month of August. Monday was spent in travelling from Auray to Morlaix, but with stoppages which admitted of one’s visiting the chief points of interest at Quimper and some other places of note in Brittany. Morlaix now became the headquarters for two or three days, and from that town excursions were made to the Cathedral at St.-Pol de Léon, with its remarkable architecture and other objects of curiosity and legend; nor was Rosecoff, with its enormous fig-tree, left out of the programme. The last day at Morlaix was spent in visiting the seventeenth-century church of St. Thégonnec, Guimiliau, and other points of attraction. In the Morbihan the prehistoric work of man figured so largely in the foreground that the Cambrians, while there, were comparatively little attracted by the specimens of Christian art to be found in the district; but from the moment they came to

Morlaix it was otherwise, and their attention was fully directed to the architecture, the calvaries, the relics, and other things associated with the churches and shrines of the diocese.

The last working day of the Association began with the inspection of the church of Brelevenez at Lannion, of which we may briefly say that the various interests attaching to it are far greater than any one could gather from what the guide-books known to us choose to tell their readers. From Lannion the excursionists drove in the direction of Perros Guirec to a house called Ros-map-Amon. It was, however, not to see a stupendous dolmen or menhir, it was not to scan the successive styles of architecture in the structure of an ancient church; it was to see and hear the most famous of living Bretons. For in this pleasant retreat M. Renan loves to pass his summers in comfort and hard work. The books he requires are few, but one of them is thumbed out of all shape. In the last extremity he could spare even that, as he knows its contents by heart—it is the Bible. After he had received the party with his usual politeness and good humour, he gave them a speech of the kind which is so well known as an essential element at the Celtic dinners in Paris; but, alas! there was no reporter from Paris present. It turned partly on the nature of the objects to be inspected in the course of the afternoon, partly on the general character of the ancient saints of Brittany. Here he dwelt on the fact that Rome never thoroughly liked Celtic saints, and he related an anecdote showing how a priest in this district recently managed to get rid of the statue of an honest old Breton saint in order to set up in its place that of the Virgin of Lourdes.

Then the excursionists proceeded, led by Mme. Renan and her husband, to the old church of Perros. M. Renan himself was, however, more interested in a church reached a little later—namely, that of Notre Dame de la Clarté, which is remarkable both in itself and in its conspicuous position. Thence he led the party towards the seashore, to feast their eyes on objects more ancient than the church, more ancient even than any prehistoric work of man to be seen in Brittany, or elsewhere—we mean the quaint and stupendous erections fringing the coast, the cheese-wrings and rocking-stones left in position by the giant forces of nature when she had nothing else for their idle hands to do. In the distance he directed our attention to Enez Aval, or the Apple Island. The makers of guide-books sometimes call it the Isle of Agalon or Avalon, which enables them to put Arthur to sleep there in security; but the Breton peasant knows nothing of his presence there, and the whole story looks suspiciously like a borrowed one suggested by the name of the island. One may be allowed to observe in this context that the stories about Arthur in Brittany have but a very precarious existence. It is true that we have known a Breton scholar to argue seriously for St.-Michel-en-Grève, a low and level site in this district, as the scene of Arthur’s despatching the giant Dinabuc, and not Mont St.-Michel in Normandy. We have never succeeded, however, in discovering much in the way of place-names commemorative of Arthur in Brittany, such as frequently occur in Wales and the North-country as far as the river Forth.

On the return of the party from the cliffs they came across a little sandy cove with a quaint shrine. This proved to contain the wooden statue of St. Guirec, and the presence of M. Renan was most fortunate, as he is never happier than when discussing a question of what we may perhaps term Christian anthropology. For St. Guirec is the object of a curious practice on the part of the maidens of the neighbourhood. Those who wish to be married pay stealthy visits to the shrine, and stick pins in the poor saint’s person—that is supposed to ensure their being mated within the year. The continuance of the belief in the efficacy of the pins is attested by an artist who had the curiosity the other day to lie concealed, watching the visit of a spinster to the shrine. Little is known of the life of the saint, nor are we clear as to the psychology of the pins. A local philosopher would have it that, as pins are used by the fair sex in fastening their clothing, pins must be to women the most appropriate symbols of union possible; but this clearly failed to account for the pins being thrust into the saint’s body. M. Renan was inclined to favour a more material explanation, suggested of old by a Hebrew prophet, for St. Guirec might, like Baal, happen to be abroad, or napping, or otherwise better engaged. After bidding the Renans good-bye, the party went its way, and brought to a close that evening the most pleasant and instructive excursion of the Society since the days when Longueville Jones and Barnwell, Parker and Babington, Westwood and Freeman, were wont to take the field.

THE EXPERIMENTAL MATINÉE.

I.

THE rage for the experimental matinée has shown no abatement during the theatrical season which is now closed; on the contrary, these performances, which in previous years have rarely been given later than the month of May, have this year been frequent during both June and July. It may be worth while, now that we have a brief respite from the “morning performance,” to consider some of the uses and abuses of this trying form of dramatic exhibition and its bearings on the present condition of the stage.

The matinée is an institution of comparatively very recent growth, first started to enable children to go to pantomimes

without the disadvantage of keeping abnormally late hours, and is now so universally adopted that a large percentage of the London playhouses open their doors at least one afternoon in the week for the performance of their ordinary evening's entertainment. It is not, however, with these supplements of the regular week's work that we now wish to deal, but with those programmes, specially prepared to extort the applause or ridicule of a single audience, to which we have applied the name of experimental *matinée*.

The end to which these performances are the means is always either the exploitation of a particular play or of an individual actor or actress, the latter being in a large numerical majority. The afternoon is the time big with the fate of budding (nay, sometimes of overblown) Julias and Juliets, of those stars of the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room and of the Assembly Rooms of Little Peddlington, who regard all the recognized leaders of our own stage as very overrated personages; though, acting probably on the principle of "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*," they may compassionately except from their strictures the efforts of a Bernhardt or a Salvini.

The afternoon performance is the opportunity of the unappreciated. No one would hazard the fate of a play or of a player, under the risky conditions which appear inseparable from the *matinée*, could he secure a hearing at a regular evening performance. But, notwithstanding the increased, and apparently still increasing, number of the London theatres, the chances of actors and of dramatic authors have by no means kept pace with that increase. Out of the sum total of London houses a large percentage are devoted to musical entertainments which cannot be said to afford occupation to dramatist or to actor, unless we allow great width and laxity to those terms. Of the rest, many present but one play, which, if even only moderately successful, will keep the stage some five, or even ten, times as long as the best pieces of a generation back. The dramatists of to-day are not a numerous band; those whose work is in anything like demand among London managers may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The desire on the part of any author to add his own name to that select band is natural and intelligible. On the one hand, successful stage-work is paid for at a rate for which writers in other literary fields may sigh in vain, and on the other, there is a fascination and glamour about the stage, its professors, and even its inanimate adjuncts, of which few have not felt the effects. One of the best and most popular of the novelists of to-day, who has attained the highest success in his own line of authorship, has placed on record the delight that he would experience in listening to the successful performance by gifted actors of a play from his own pen; and if we find a writer second to none in his own branch of literature longing for fresh triumphs across the footlights, what wonder that others, less accustomed than he to well-earned praise, should share his theatrical aspirations; and that writers of novels, of "novelettes," of "shilling-shockers," and the rest, nay more, that those who have never written at all, should crowd the slippery path which leads to dramatic fame, or the reverse. Then we have the mass of *matinée*-givers who burn to distinguish themselves as Claude or as Pauline, as Charles Surface or as Lady Teazle. These come from many sources, from the great Sahara of amateurism, from the stony places of the provincial stage, and from the more pleasant pastures of London; they offer themselves for the amusement or boredom of that somewhat special gathering, a *matinée* audience. Many and diverse may be the motives which urge the giver of a *matinée*. The Society beauty—who comes perchance from Grosvenor Square or Slocom Pogie, perchance from Maida Vale or "South Belgravia," and whose claims on "Society" may be as shadowy as her pretensions to beauty—burns to emulate the few who have at one step passed successfully from the drawing-room to the stage, and finds to her cost that she has fondly confused the rule with its exception. The ambitious actor, of some experience may be in town or country, who sighs for better parts and more remunerative salaries, and who reviles the lack of appreciation with which managers regard him, too often discovers, after he has sunk his hard-earned savings to enable him for one brief afternoon to play a part worthy of his talents, that the managerial estimate of his powers, and not his own, was the correct one; and so likewise the dramatist learns, by the bitter experience of three hours of purgatory or worse, that those who have for months been declining, with or without thanks, his precious manuscript were not such fools as he has been wont to declare them.

For, as the *matinée* is in the vast majority of cases the protest of the rejected, so also is it, in the long run, the justification of the rejector. Much of the work that sees the light under those conditions is, indeed, of so hopeless a quality that one is struck with honest surprise that it should ever have seen the light, and wonders if the race of "damned good-natured friends" is now extinct, who might have spoken in time the word of friendly warning.

On considering the mass of the work submitted at experimental *matinées* to the judgment of the critic and of the general public (who are—theoretically, at any rate—supposed to be present on such occasions), the preponderance of the bad over the good, of the chaff over the wheat, is something almost appalling. At rare intervals, it is true, one encounters a play or a player of sterling merit, hitherto neglected by those in authority, whose chance, long waited for, comes at last at some afternoon performance; but such are the black swans of *matinées*, rare upon the earth;

indeed, so inferior is the general quality of *matinées* acknowledged to be, as compared with the standard required of the ordinary evening's performance, that managers have not unfrequently ere now discovered to their cost that a piece hailed at a *matinée* as a triumphant success may, when transferred to the night's playbill, prove little better than a failure. The ordinary *matinée*-goer has by bitter experience grown to be thankful for small mercies, and welcomes with enthusiasm anything a bit better than his customary fare; but caterers must be wary of placing that fare before the epicurean customers who frequent the theatre at more fashionable hours.

Fired that the town reject it: "Faith, I'll print it,
And shame the rogues."

Such, the exclamation of the unsuccessful dramatist of a previous generation, is the spirit of the *matinée*-giver of to-day. "If managers are such fools as to refuse my play, or to decline to engage me as an actor, I'll give a *matinée*." And he does—with what result? A month or so of anxiety and worry, the expenditure of not less than 120*l.*, perhaps as much as 200*l.*, an afternoon of wild excitement; and after? perhaps success, but more likely —.

Well, even if so, he has done some good. He has given employment to authors, actors, actresses, and dramatic critics, though it is to be feared the critics do not view their connexion with *matinées* very complacently; he may even, though this is unlikely, learn by experience to alter his estimate of his own abilities. As regards the hardships entailed on the dramatic critic by the frequency of the experimental *matinée*—on which topic the bitter cry of one well-known authority is never weary of making itself heard—the grievance is far more fancied than real. It requires but little knowledge of the theatrical world to classify beforehand the forthcoming performances. Their relative importance is to be judged by the name of the author, by the cast of the actors engaged, by the theatre selected for the purpose. Slight, indeed, must be the experience of the critic who could not from these and similar details determine if a promised entertainment is likely to prove worth the waste of an afternoon.

BUDA-PESTH.

THERE is an inscription on an old bridge in Hungary to the honour and glory of the Sultan who erected it, in which the Caliph is styled "Emperor of Teheran, Constantinople, and Pesh." Nowadays it is difficult to carry the imagination back to the time when the Moslem hordes possessed what has become the finest capital of perhaps the most fruitful land in Europe. In everything except actual size Pesh is probably the superior to-day of either Paris or Vienna. To those who knew the city twenty years ago the transformation is little short of magical. Amongst a network of magnificent streets the Radialstrasse runs its majestic miles from the heart of the town out to the Stadtsfeldchen, or People's Park—a very model of municipal architecture, with well-proportioned houses, each one fit for a ducal residence, lining the broad roadway for half its length. Then, as the business centres are left behind, the villas of the wealthy take their places, leading gradually out to the green grass and trees of the country. But if the Radialstrasse can claim without much hesitation the distinction of being the best-built boulevard of the nineteenth century, it is run very close in the beauty of its shops and houses by several of the secondary streets, and the new Museum Ring, now in course of construction, bids fair to outdo all its predecessors. The price of land in Pesh has risen some five hundred per cent. lately, and the restless energy of its inhabitants, urged on by their pride in the capital, opens out a prospect of further extension, at present without limits.

The universal air of prosperity and content which stamps the Magyars at home is one of the features which must strike the visitor most forcibly. To judge by the merry life of Pesh and the smiling faces of everybody one meets, it would almost seem as if an elixir of gaiety was distilled in the atmosphere. A well-known proverb tells us that the Portuguese are always gay, but to match Pesh with Lisbon one would have to allow a very liberal handicap to the latter. Even their business seems a pleasure to the people of Pesh, and is not attended with any of the usual symptoms of worry, but is despatched leisurely and comfortably in luxurious offices, or behind well-served counters, with such courtesy and politeness that the stranger cannot fail to admire the contrast between Pesh and the slovenly slipshod ways of the countries to the East, or the distracting bustle and wear and tear of the greater Western centres. Whilst we generally make a business of pleasure, and sometimes manage to make believe to combine the two, the Magyar absolutely converts his business into an enjoyment both for himself and others. This is probably the secret of the careless, happy faces of the people, beginning from the peasants in the market-places up to the highest in social and commercial ranks. Whether the inner life corresponds to the outer show it would be impertinent to inquire. The mask, if mask it be, is too cleverly assumed and too enjoyable to contemplate for us to wish to tear it off.

In many respects the Hungarian character resembles the British, especially in its love for sport and for water. The bath is a great institution in Pesh, and some of the larger establishments are quite palatial. The Bruck-Bad and the Ofen-Bad are

old Turkish *hamams*, greatly enlarged and gorgeously refitted, but with the old pillars still standing, and the original cupolas letting in the sunlight dimly through eyelets of painted glass, in coloured shafts, which flicker through the steam of the hot mineral springs which feed the basins. A morning spent at Bruck is not only a fit preparation for the day after a long railway journey, but a thing to be remembered with joy for ever. Besides the closed-in hot and cold baths, there are open swimming-baths on the Danube, largely patronized by the ladies, many of whom are fearless divers and swimmers; and altogether the vigour with which the population takes to the water leaves a comforting impression that at least one is surrounded by well-washed neighbours. Horse-racing is becoming as national a sport in Hungary as in England; and the racecourse outside the town is always in capital order, in spite of the difficulties in keeping the ground soft enough. The riders are all English—as are the few bookmakers in the Ring. Most of the betting, however, is carried on through the *Pari-Mutuel*, which is managed with the utmost regularity and precision. The enthusiasm over a close finish or at the victory of a popular favourite almost takes one back to the Yorkshire moor. The return home when the day is over is the people's opportunity, and for miles the road is lined with those whose occupations have prevented them from being on the course. There is little of our Derby-day dust, and none of its drunkenness or rowdiness; but the drags and pretty costumes are there, and the long parade is well worth seeing.

The *Stadtsfeldschen* is an incalculable boon to the people of Pesth—a sort of Kensington Gardens, where, however, all sorts of amusements are provided, and a perpetual fair goes on all summer-time. First, there is a switchback railway, much patronized by country cousins, but despised of the townfolk. Of course we have the usual shooting-galleries and merry-go-rounds, photographs on tin for sixpence, the King of the Cannibal Islands, the Fat Man, and *hoc genus omne*. Furthermore, a large circus—reserved seats a franc—and anybody who likes can look on from outside without paying at all, unless his spirit is moved by the periodical visit of the clown or the leading lady with the hat. Those who do not care for these excitements sprawl about under the trees, and the grass is literally covered with picnic parties, children, nursemaids, and their followers. In the evening gipsy stringed bands are always playing at the principal hotels and restaurants; and, though the Hungarian music has a great sameness and disagreeable jerkiness about it to the uninitiated, it is a source of never-failing delight, rising to frantic enthusiasm at times, to those of whom it is understood. There is also a little gem of an Opera House, where the performance has to be good to please the critics; a German theatre, always in possession of an excellent troupe; and numberless minor entertainments, the most popular of which is the Orpheum, much resembling “the Oxford.” Here there is generally to be found a sprinkling of English artistes, one or two French, and the latest wonders of the nondescript stage, such as the Man-Serpent, the Japanese Jugglers, the champion Unicycle Rider, and similar first-class performers. The Orpheum is lit with electric light, and both the accommodation and the company are good. In fact, there is no kind of public amusement, either indoor or outdoor, to which a daughter might not take her mother in Pesth; for, though the ladies of Hungary enjoy, or at least possess, a world-wide reputation for the lightness and grace with which they toss their caps over the mills, the behaviour of all classes in the streets and everyday resorts of the capital is a model of decency.

Beyond their practical arrangements for best solving the problem of how to make life best worth living, the inhabitants of Pesth have not much to offer to the visiting sightseer. He must content himself with the ever-changing panorama along the stately quays, the mighty roll of the Danube under its three great bridges, the busy hurrying of the steamers on the river, and the well-dressed crowds on land, the pretty drives, and the fashionable consumption of ices at “Kügler's,” and beer at the “Hungaria” or “Queen of England.” The guide-books will tell him the stock programme of what he must see, in order properly “to do” Pesth; but the real interest of the place is the growth of a new people in a new city, and its chief attraction is the care which is taken to well grease the rails along which the hours slip smoothly away. The National Gallery of Pictures is, however, one of the shows not to be missed. There are one or two Rembrandts, and an excellent portrait by Godfrey Kneller. The Spanish School is well represented, and, altogether, an hour or two may be profitably and pleasantly spent in the galleries. A trip up the Danube to the Margaretteninsel will also repay the stranger. This delightful little eyot is thickly wooded down to the water's edge with wild-growing forest trees, whilst the centre is laid out in spacious lawns and flower-beds like the grounds of an English country-house. Nominally it is “a bath”; but, since taking the baths has nowadays become little more than an excuse for change of air and scene and meeting new people, the Margaret Baths are not very largely favoured by the citizens, who, as far as comfort and the quality of the springs are concerned, might, and do, go much further from home and fare worse. On the days when the best military bands play there, though, the steamers are crowded, and if the colossal bathing establishment does not net its fair share of profits, the hotel and the cafés drive a compensating trade.

The last effort of the Magyars to attract visitors to their capital

has been the establishment of the famous Zone Tariff on their railways. Taking Pesth as a centre, the system is divided into thirteen zones, with a uniform charge between each, irrespective of distance. The general effect is a reduction of about twenty-five per cent., and at present the maximum first-class fare from any part of the dominions to headquarters is eight florins. The scheme was vehemently attacked and characterized as absurd; but as far as the experiment has gone it has proved a success, even on the railways, without taking into account the attainment of the main object, an enormously increased swarm of spending travellers. The audacity of the plan is only another proof of the progressive energy of the Government and of their steady purpose to push Pesth more into public notice, and to enable it to take a leading position amongst the great capitals. The city is somewhat unfavourably situated on the main Oriental route from coming so soon after Vienna. The tourist who stops at all between London and Constantinople generally confines himself to a day or two at Paris and Vienna, going straight through Pesth, Belgrade, and Sofia, unless curiosity prompts him to halt a few hours to see with his own eyes the atrocious Bulgarian or the recalcitrant Serb. Not one in a hundred ever dreams of breaking the journey at Pesth, which is usually considered as a kind of second-rate Vienna. This is a mistake which, once found out, is seldom repeated. The pity is that life, especially a traveller's life, is made up of mistakes.

SHORT TIME IN THE COTTON TRADE.

LAST month the price of American raw cotton in Liverpool rose higher than it had been at any time previously since the effects of the American Civil War ceased to be felt in that market. The average price for the whole twelve months ended last Saturday night was also higher, and, further, the fluctuations in the price were wider than at any time since the close of the Civil War. From 5½d. per pound in December it rose to 6½d. in August—a variation of 1¼d. per pound. In the preceding year the variation was only ¾d. The average price of the twelve months was nearly 5½d. per pound, against 5½d. in the preceding twelve months. Lastly, the highest price in the past twelve months was 6½d., and in the preceding twelve months only 6d. From all this it would seem to follow that the supply of raw cotton is falling short of the demand of manufacturers, and the inference is strengthened by two circumstances. Firstly, that every year, when the old crop has been nearly absorbed and the new crop has not yet begun to reach the market, there is a scarcity of supply leading to a sharp advance in price. This year the squeeze has been greater than for a considerable time past; but it differs from recent years only in the greater intensity of the demand. Secondly, it seems to be established that what is called the visible supply—that is to say, the quantity of raw cotton known to be in existence in the producing and manufacturing countries alike—is rather smaller just now than for some years past. Members of the trade however are hardly prepared to admit that the demand for raw cotton is outrunning the supply, and they attribute the scarcity felt towards the close of the cotton year to the manipulation of speculators rather than to any real deficiency of supply. No doubt speculation does help to create the difficulty; but speculators would not be able to “corner” the market if there was an abundant supply. They succeed in their operations because they find that manufacturers have not sufficiently supplied themselves with raw material, and the stock they have to manipulate is small enough to allow of success. Early in the year it was believed that the last American crop was considerably larger than it has proved to be. In consequence, manufacturers in this country did not buy largely. They hoped that the price would decline rather than rise as the summer advanced. Speculators discovering this, and ascertaining that the crop was smaller than had been estimated, bought up the supplies offering in the market, and thus aggravated the scarcity which in any case would have existed. Manufacturers object that, at all events in this country, there has not been that excessive construction of new mills which has often hitherto taken place, and therefore they contend that the demand of manufacturers cannot have increased so much as it must have done if it be really true that supply is falling short of demand. But we may point out, in reply, that it is the American supply which is deficient; that, although there has not been a very large increase in the number of factories in this country, there has been some increase, and that improved machinery has enabled the old factories to work up larger quantities than they formerly did. And, further, there appears to be no doubt that there has been during the past couple of years a considerable increase in the number of cotton mills in the United States, and there likewise has been some increase in Continental factories.

While the price of the raw material rose thus rapidly, there was very little advance in the price of the manufactured article, with the result that profits began very seriously to diminish. In consequence, an attempt was made in May last to induce cotton-spinners throughout the North of England to diminish production; but it failed. In July, however, the state of affairs became so bad that the great majority of spinners agreed to work short time during the month of August. But, in spite of the consequent falling off in the demand, the price of the raw

material continued to rise. And now an earnest attempt is being made to induce weavers as well as spinners to work short time during the present month. Next month the new crop will begin to arrive, and it is hoped then that the price will fall so much as to enable full time to be again resumed. The course of events during the past five or six weeks seems to confirm the inference that the supply is not sufficient for the present demand of manufacturers. It is objected in many quarters, however, that neither American nor Continental manufacturers have been obliged to adopt short time; and, therefore, it is argued that the difficulties of this country must be due to Liverpool speculation. But we may point out that American and Continental manufacturers produce for the home market, in which they secure a practical monopoly by protective tariffs, whereas English manufacturers produce for all the world, and more particularly for the more backward countries of the world. For several years past the exports of cotton manufactures from this country to the Far East have been very large. Apparently, the markets of the Far East are now glutted in consequence, and, further, it would seem that the purchasing power of the Indian and Chinese populations has been reduced by drought and famine. We may add that the competition of the Bombay mills is being keenly felt by Lancashire manufacturers, not only in India, but in China. It would appear, indeed, that the Bombay cotton spinners are able to undersell Lancashire in the Chinese market. Owing to this combination of circumstances, it is found impossible to raise prices in the Far East very much. Cotton manufacturers and cotton operators, however, persist in laying the principal blame upon speculators, and a cry has arisen for Parliamentary action to put down speculation in cotton. It is by no means certain that if this were done the condition of the trade would be improved. If, as the facts seem to us to prove, the cotton industry is growing too rapidly for the purchasing power of our customers, it is surely not detrimental to the trade that the fact should be brought home to those engaged in it promptly and so strikingly that all must recognize it. But, whether speculation be good or bad as regards the trade, it is certain that Parliament cannot put it down. If it prohibits one form of speculation another form will be invented. Our manufacturers, therefore, must learn to rely upon themselves alone. And there are several ways in which they can take precautions against these annual recurring "corners." One precaution naturally suggests itself—to buy largely when the new crop is being sent to market in large quantities. The Continental spinners do this, and that is one reason why attempts are not made to "corner" the Continental markets as is done habitually in Liverpool. No doubt buying largely in advance of requirements is costly; but it is still more costly to allow expensive machinery to remain wholly or partially idle for weeks, or it may be months, together. Another plan would be to use other kinds of cotton than American more largely than is done at present. The fact that American is so much used proves unquestionably that at present American is the most suitable. But it surely cannot be beyond the ability of the trade to encourage production of better cotton in India and Egypt. And other methods might be suggested.

At the same time, it is clear that an effective remedy can be found only by opening up new markets. As the more advanced countries of the world grow in wealth and intelligence they learn to manufacture for themselves more and more completely. Therefore, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that, as the years pass over, we shall lose more and more of the advanced markets of the world. For this reason it becomes all the more incumbent to find and open up new markets. The cotton industry is at present mainly dependent upon the Far East, and as it happens the Far East is not able just now to buy from us in such quantities and at such prices as would relieve our difficulties. If we could find new markets our embarrassments would disappear. Until this is done, it is to be feared that periodical "corners" will continue to be experienced. The high prices of the past twelve months will, no doubt, encourage American planters to increase the acreage under cotton, and in that way the mere scarcity of supply will cure itself. But that will be followed inevitably by a further growth of the cotton manufacture, and after a little while the present difficulty will reappear, unless in the meantime new and important markets can be opened up. As regards the immediate future, it is probable that the price of the raw material will fall somewhat next month. The acreage under cotton in the United States this year is considerably larger than last year, and the reports concerning the crop are very favourable. The present estimate is, that the yield will be about $7\frac{1}{4}$ millions of bales, or about a quarter of a million of bales more than twelve months ago. That is not a very large increase, it is true, but there will be a strong inducement to send raw cotton to market as early as possible because of the high prices now ruling, and therefore a fall in the market is probable. But a very considerable fall is hardly likely. The old stocks appear to be smaller than they were at this time last year, and the new crop does not very greatly exceed last year's crop. Therefore the expectation of most thoughtful observers is that the demand will nearly, if not quite, equal the supply, and that planters will hardly be willing, therefore, to sell at much reduction of price. Still the fall will probably be sufficient to enable spinners and manufacturers to resume full time next month.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

THE meeting of the Three Choirs which takes place at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester in succession, and of which this year Gloucester was the scene, possesses at once a musical, a religious, and a social character. All who take an interest in the matter know that the Festival had its origin in the coming together for the first time, just one hundred and sixty-six years ago, of the choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester Cathedrals. The object of these meetings was at once combined practice, the performance of works which, for due effect, required a much more numerous choir than either of the three cathedrals separately could boast, and, finally, the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses who had died without being able to make provision for their families. Music is such a modern art, that to go back a little more than a century and a half is to plunge, so far as music is concerned, at once into archaic times—to a period when Handel's oratorios, which now, notwithstanding their imperishable majesty and beauty, have an antiquated character, had not yet come into being. In due time, however, Handel's sacred works were performed in England wherever there were soloists and choirs to sing them; and what more suitable choirs could be found than those of the three great cathedral cities where the study and practice of choral music was already a tradition? For something like a century Handel's oratorios were, more than any others, and indeed almost exclusively, laid under contribution by the directors of the Three Choirs; and it was not until 1846 (the year of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*) that any oratorios but those of Handel were recognized in England. Mendelssohn's masterpiece in the sacred style was, however, at once adopted at our cathedral festivals, as at English musical festivals generally, especially those of the great manufacturing cities, such as Leeds and Birmingham, for the latter of which the *Elijah* is known to have been specially composed. But the history of the Three Choirs need not be traced from the time when they had no orchestra, but depended for accompaniment on the local organist alone, to the present day, when the singing of the most eminent vocalists is supported by the best orchestral players that London can furnish. Works, too, of the most modern, the most recent, kind are now produced at the meetings of the Three Choirs; and, in addition to the obligatory *Messiah*, and the almost equally indispensable *Elijah*, the programme of the Festival which closed yesterday contained Spohr's *Last Judgment*, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* and *Golden Legend*, Dr. Hubert Parry's *Judith*, and two entirely new works—one by Miss Ellicott, the other by Mr. Lee Williams, organist of the Gloucester Cathedral.

It has been said that the Festival possesses a musical, a religious, and a social character; and, as regards the last point, it need only be mentioned that open house, or something very like it, is kept during the Festival week by the Bishop, the Dean, the Mayor, and the cathedral organist, who this year acted as conductor of the Festival, and further aided its success by contributing to it a work of remarkable beauty. Of course, visitors flow in from various parts of Gloucestershire and of the two neighbouring counties which, like Gloucester, have a cathedral city for chief town; and some of these visitors seem almost as much bent on conviviality as on the enjoyment of a kind of music which may often be of too elevated a character to be in strict harmony with their tastes. Nevertheless, lovers of good music are numerous enough in Gloucester as well as in the cities musically allied to it; and when, as this year, the programme of the Festival is unusually interesting, enthusiastic amateurs are attracted from all parts of the country. So full, moreover, is England just now of tourists, that some of those who went to Gloucester this week with the intention of "doing" the city were far from pleased at finding that, by reason of the Festival, the cathedral was, in a certain measure, closed to them. "Why can we not see it?" one party, seemingly of Transatlantic origin, exclaimed. "If music is being performed, that is no reason why we should not go in. We must see Gloucester Cathedral, and if we cannot do so without paying fifteen shillings a head, the fifteen shillings must of course be paid, though the terms seem high."

Most musical festivals present in their programmes some traces of local influence, and the chorus, with soprano solo, by Miss Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester, was more in place at the Gloucester Festival than it might have been considered at Birmingham or at Leeds. It would be hard for a clever, aspiring young lady like Miss Ellicott not to have an opportunity of presenting a composition which, without the least pretentiousness, is not ungraceful, in a city and on an occasion with which she is so honourably connected. This was the only novelty at the Festival, with the exception of Mr. Lee Williams's *Last Night at Bethany*, which, composed by the cathedral organist, might be regarded beforehand as a local product worthy at most of being treated by the hospitably-received stranger with politeness and forbearance. *The Last Night at Bethany* can be dismissed, however, in no such fashion. It is the work of a composer who, if he does not possess the rare gift of genius, is at least endowed with talent of a delicate and refined character. From a cathedral organist performing habitually an organist's functions, and no other, one expects simply church music. But Mr. Lee Williams has in *The Last Night at Bethany* given us music which is not merely ecclesiastical, but in a wide sense religious. One can only convey an idea of

absolutely new music by comparing it with music which is old and familiar; and the composer of whom one is chiefly reminded by Mr. Lee Williams's flowing, melodious strains is Gounod. The solo passages had the advantage of being perfectly sung, especially those assigned to Mme. Albani and Mr. Edward Lloyd. But the choral numbers are, on the whole, the most effective, and some of these possess a tuneful charm which, in the eyes of those critics who can applaud nothing in music which is not harsh and crabbed, should alone suffice to condemn them. Everything in the work is nicely balanced and in the best taste, except, perhaps, the final number, which does not merely contrast with the rest, but clashes with it. The verses of Mr. Joseph Bennett's libretto are marked by feeling and power, and it may be that their spirit and sentiment are reproduced by the composer throughout. The concluding piece possesses, in any case, the fault which is so conspicuous in that boisterous, almost bacchanalian, Song of the Apostles which brings Gounod's *Redemption* to a close. Distant anticipations of the divine joy to which the pathetic incidents of *The Last Night at Bethany* are to lead must be expressed, of course, in joyful music, but surely not in music of so robust a character.

Dr. Hubert Parry is, like Mr. Lee Williams and Miss Ellicott, of Gloucester, or nearly so. But his *Judith*, which formed one of the features of the Festival just concluded, is known to have been composed for Birmingham, where it was produced with striking success at the festival of last year; and, whether Dr. Hubert Parry had belonged to the North, East, or South of England, his *Judith* must, as one of the most successful oratorios of the day, have found its place in the programme of the Gloucester Festival. One is inclined to ask now, as when the work was first produced, why it is called *Judith* rather than *Manasseh*, and why, above all, the author and composer (for Dr. Hubert Parry is his own librettist) has taken such pains to purge the story of Judith of all the drama which belongs to it? "The exploit of Judith is too terrible for artistic presentation," he argues. But the incidents of an oratorio are never, thanks to the very nature of the oratorio form, so vividly presented as to inspire either much pity or much terror; and, apart from that, the sacrifice of Manasseh's innocent children is far more horrible than the slaying of the not altogether innocent Holophernes. Possibly the rivalry and the passion by which the slaying of Holophernes is accompanied struck Dr. Parry as unfit for treatment in a work of religious character.

Another comparative novelty in the Gloucester programme was Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, in which there is much to admire, though the plan of the work may be dismissed as utterly objectionable. The effect of the speaking voice in combination with orchestral music of the most varied kind is simply irritating. One feels inclined to call upon the speaker, narrator, reciter, whatever his proper designation may be, to cease from interrupting so much beautiful music; unless, indeed, the ironical idea should be preferred of begging the conductor to stop the music, so that the deep-mouthed utterances of his quite unnecessary interpreter may not be disturbed.

The two finest works in the Festival programme were the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn and the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. The former has always been accepted as a masterpiece. The latter, violently decried on its first production nearly half a century ago, has survived all hostile criticism, as, strangely enough, it has survived nearly all the operas of the melodious composer, whom it was at one time the fashion to regard as too operatic for the Church. The most attractive day, judging practically by the number of persons drawn to the cathedral in the morning and to the Shire Hall in the evening, was Thursday, when *The Prodigal Son* and *The Golden Legend* of Sir Arthur Sullivan were performed. The success of this composer's oratorios has been greatly influenced by that of his operettas. Yet *The Prodigal Son*, which belongs to the period before *The Sorcerer* and the *Pinafore*, contains as much beautiful music as *The Golden Legend* itself.

WRONG AGAIN!

[Mr. O'Brien will partake of no food which is not shared by his fellow-prisoners; mutton chops and white bread are discarded, and brown bread and skilly are demanded. . . . Mr. O'Brien is, however, willing to compromise matters with those who, as he complains, persecute him by forcing dainty viands upon a hungry man, by consenting to partake of them provided Dr. Kenny, M.P., is allowed to visit him, and certify that such viands are necessary to his health and comfort.]

BESIDE the untasted chop he sat,
With eye averse and visage stern
('Twas delicately rimmed with fat,
And done—he knew it—to a turn.
But vainly lured its savoury whiff;
His patriot nostril scorned to sniff).

A manchet of the finest flour
Gleamed purely white beside his plate
(And this was near the dinner-hour,
When sulks and hunger most debate);
But vainly, too, did this invite
That prisoner's stoic appetite.

The very warder shrank in awe
Beneath his lightning-glance of pride,
When that foul minion of the law
His rude persuasions would have tried,
Though timidly he ventured still
To tempt the martyr with the grill.

"Come, sir," he said, "take heart and eat;
'Tis no neck-chop, but from the loin"—
But, heedless of the smoking meat,
Still sat, with far-off look, O'Broin,
Gazing as though he read in dream
His country's future through its steam.

"Nay, pick a bit," the warder urged,
"No other prisoner fares like you."
But there the hero's wrath up-sprung,
And fiercely forth his protest flew.
"Villain!" he cried in tones of pain,
"It is of that that I complain."

"How dared that thrice-accursed brood,
That execrable Castle set,
Insult me with superior food
To what the other prisoners get?
Their insolence at nothing stops—
How dared they give me mutton chops?"

"And when as Irish unicorn
I with the British Lion close,
Know that my bitterest hate and scorn,
My malediction waits on those
Who, while I'm fighting with the Crown,
Give me white bread instead of brown."

The warder stared, and, puzzled sore,
Began to mutter words like these—
"Political" and "Tullamore,"
And "prison dress" and "sandwiches";
Whereat—for saints are still but flesh—
The martyr's anger blazed afresh.

"Dull tool of my dull tyrants thou!
Dost thou," he wildly cried, "not know
That what was then my right is now
The vilest wrong I undergo?
I claim, and they concede me not,
The common malefactor's lot."

"Take, then, that loaf and chop away,
And place brown bread and skilly there;
Unless, indeed—as p'raps he may—
My doctor orders better fare;
Out of his learning's well-known wealth
He may prescribe it for my health."

"'Tis Dr. Kenny, he alone
Who, I have vowed, shall doctor me;
And even now, so time has flown,
He may be here—go, slave, and see!
But stay a moment; while you're gone—
Yes—you may put the cover on."

REVIEWS.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

THIS collection of translations from the Anthology is a pleasant and interesting one, the value of which must not be judged from its appearance in a cheap series. It is ushered by an editor who (if we may be forgiven for saying so) does not seem to know very much about the matter, but who indulges in some pretty paganism and pretty writing out of, or after, "St. Beuve" (*sic*), Paul de Saint Victor, Mr. Symonds, and some other well-known hands. About this introduction, which is enthusiastic and amiable, we wish to say as little as possible. It is, we fear, an illustration of a new reversal of an old adage—of the rushing in of angels (we believe that "Graham R. Tomson" is a lady) where manly fools would fear to tread, unless they were very sure of their feet and facts. Meleager is one of the most charming poets of his own particular class in any age or country, and "the wise ones, the grave and the precise ones," who grumble at his morals may go hang. But we may be quite certain that, when an English lady observes "sometimes his treatment of his theme was *un peu léger*" (we don't blame Graham R. Tomson for that extraordinary accent), she no more knows the original of such an epigram as that which ends (observe our cunning: we give a "light" to scholars, and none to the prurient who may run to indices of first lines) with the words *Ῥωμαίων λογάδα* than she knows what name Achilles bore when he was dressed as a girl. Again, it does Graham R. Tomson much credit to speak so handsomely as she does of the great edition of Jacobs, "a new edition in five volumes, with very valuable tables, and,

* *The Canterbury Poets—The Greek Anthology*. Edited by Graham R. Tomson. London: Walter Scott. 1889.

above all, with a commentary which is a marvel of exegesis, filling thirteen volumes." Unluckily the commentary that is a marvel of exegesis fills *three*, and still more unluckily the whole edition (these three being divided into eight parts) does with the five volumes of text and indices make thirteen nominal volumes. It is a small matter, but it shows that Graham R. Tomson can never have even looked at the marvel of exegesis she describes. Nor is there any reason why she should; but why make as though she had? Why write "Curiart F. Jacobs"? Why say that "Fanie" is "the Greek equivalent for a little flame," which it certainly is not, though it may perhaps be the French equivalent for "Phanion"? Anybody may if they like hold that the "fixed period" of Ceos, the custom of old men and women meeting and pledging each other in cups of poisoned wine, "shows a true sense of dignity and self-respect, the very essence of the fitness of things." Epictetus, by the way, would have thought as differently as any Christian, but thought is free. Thought is not free to make those little mistakes about volumes and the letter F when there was no need to say anything about them at all.

But peace with Graham R. Tomson, who is not the only person who has thought it desirable to write about the classics on the strength of a knowledge of "St. Beuve." We say peace in no sarcastic sense, for we are really obliged to her, and her introduction, if it had been stripped of its frippery, is really pretty. She has got together, as we have said, so fair a herd of translators, that we forgive her this, and more. A very large contingent in prose and verse comes from Mr. Lang; another from Miss Alma Strettell, who has, perhaps, gone nearest of all translators to the unattainable goal, a translation of Heine. Not a little is signed by Mr. Garnett, whose learning and literature are alike unimpeachable. Mr. Gosse has sent a few. Among professors or ex-professors the worthy signatures of Messrs. Lewis Campbell and Goldwin Smith occur; and though the majority of the items are thus modern, the older names of Wellesley and Cowper and Moore and Bland appear. Indeed, at all times the Anthology has been a temptation alike to scholars and to non-scholars. Its endless variety, the exquisite poetry of the best things in it, and, above all, its singular modernness, have attracted every person with a taste for literature who has read it in the original and a good many who have read it only in translations. From the major classical writers we are separated by a great gulf, a gulf the width and depth of which are felt the more the more familiar the explorer is with the originals. The majority of the writers of the Anthology are quite near to us, despite the difference of faith, morals, and public opinion. Even such a dirty scoundrel as Strato is more germane in manner, if not in subject, to modern thought than Sophocles, who might not have thought Strato a dirty scoundrel. No occasional verse in the world, with the exception of some pieces written by English poets between 1590 and 1650, or thereabouts, has the "notes" of the best Anthology poetry, which may range, putting the earliest and latest examples aside, over at least as many centuries as Ben, and the tribe of Ben, covered decades. Beside its exquisite concinnity Horace is awkward, and the French masterpieces mannered and thin; beside its range and its curious note of passion we can only place the best English and German poetry of anything like the same kind. Indeed, though Heine matches and betters it, we can hardly, in the very same kind, match and better it in English without going back to the seventeenth century. No wonder, then, that it is beloved of the lovers of poetry.

The lovers of poetry, however, as exemplified in the present volume, take, like other lovers, some liberties with the objects of their passion. For instance, this of Mr. Lang's is a charming poem:—

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet;
The lovely blossoms of the spring,
For you I weave, to you I bring:
These roses with the lilies wet,
The dewy dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
Wilt thou disdain mine offering,
Ah, Golden Eyes?
Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy heart is set,
For thou, like these or anything,
Hast but thine hour of blossoming,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret,
Ah, Golden Eyes!

But the original, unless we mistake its identity (and, by the way, it would have been convenient if there had been exact references to the originals), runs simply, "I send thee, Rhodoclea, this garland, having myself woven it with my own hand, of beautiful flowers. There is the lily, the rosy calyx, the moist anemone, the wet narcissus, and the dark-blue gleaming violet. Crowning thyself with these, cease to be proud-boasting. Thou and the wreath both blossom and fade." Unde "Golden Eyes"? (Rufinus had a golden-eyed mistress (Ep. 36), and very pretty golden eyes are; but was it Rhodoclea? This poem does not say so.) Unde "April"? Unde "spring"? Unde lines 8, 9, and a good deal of 10, 11, 12? Unde "And then—the long regret, ah, Golden Eyes"? Vile, doubtless, is he who looks such a gift-jennet in the mouth. But the restraint and elegance of the best Anthology verse are so much of its essence that amplification seems specially out of place. Mr. Lang, it is needless to say, can be much closer than this when he chooses, while he is seldom less elegant; even his *belles infidèles* are so pretty that, as in other

cases, we shut our eyes to their slight and venial infidelity. But here is one which is almost faithful:—

Believe me, love, it is not good
To hoard a mortal maidenhood;
In Hades thou wilt never find,
Maiden, a lover to thy mind;
Love's for the living! presently
Ashes and dust in death are we!

It is true that this is not absolutely exact. Baldly rendered—and we can be very bald when we choose—it runs thus:—"Thou hoardest thy virginity; and what is the good of that? For coming to Hades thou shalt not find a lover, O damsel! Among the living are the joys of Cyprus; but in Acheron we shall lie, O maid, bones and ash." But what of this? Herrick and Herrick's master would have smiled on the version, which is certainly one of the best in the book. It has the terseness, which is the first thing, and is thus distinguished, for instance, from this of Miss Alma Strettell:—

Unnumbered were the ages past, O man,
Before thy day began.
Unnumbered, too, the ages yet shall be,
That Hades hath for thee.
What store of life, then, doth to thee remain?
Scarce as it were a grain!
Scanty thy life and short—nor mayest thou
Even enjoy it now;
For it is hateful, and its poisoned breath
More dire than loathed death.
Then scorn this stormy life of thine and shun—
As I indeed have done,
I, Pheldo, son of Krita—and like me,
Seek the still haven of tranquillity,
The haven of dark Hades' silent sea.

Now the original has eight lines only, and in any case it would have been a mistake to render these by nearly double the number. But this is done by quite unnecessary surplusage. $\chi\epsilon\lambda\omicron\upsilon\sigma\omicron\varsigma\ \mu\upsilon\pi\iota\omicron\varsigma\ \epsilon\iota\varsigma\ \text{A}\dot{\iota}\delta\omicron\upsilon\eta\nu$, says Leonidas in his lapidary fashion; Miss Strettell upholsters it into a couplet. And then the poet says:—

$\eta\ \delta\omicron\sigma\omicron\nu\ \delta\omicron\sigma\omicron\nu$
 $\sigma\tau\iota\gamma\mu\acute{\iota}\varsigma\ \kappa\alpha\iota\ \sigma\tau\iota\gamma\mu\acute{\iota}\varsigma\ \epsilon\iota\ \tau\iota\ \chi\alpha\mu\eta\lambda\acute{o}\tau\epsilon\rho\omicron\nu.$

The double $\delta\omicron\sigma\omicron\nu$, the "a point, and if there be anything more diminutive than a point," may be hard to render poetically; but it is surely something of a *ripinto* to make it "scarce as it were a grain." "Scanty" but scantily renders $\tau\epsilon\lambda\omicron\iota\mu\acute{\iota}\nu\eta\iota$, though there is, perhaps, no single word that does much better. But why run out into nearly four lines ("Nor—death") the simple "for neither is it sweet, but more hateful than death, the enemy"? And why weaken the end by inserting "still," "tranquillity," the second "haven," "dark," "silent," and "sea"? "Go to the Haven, to Hades," says pure art, Greek art, and impure art, English art, cannot render it without three extra adjectives and three extra nouns. Yet Miss Strettell is an excellent translator in her way. So is Mr. Garnett; but is his freedom a wholly nobil thing?—

Stern Cynicus doth war austerely wage
With endive, lentils, chicory, and sage;
Which shouldst thou thoughtless proffer, "Wretch," saith he,
"Wouldst thou corrupt my life's simplicity?"
Yet is not his simplicity so great
But that he can digest a pomegranate;
And peaches, he esteems, right well agree
With Spartan fare and sound philosophy.

Now for our baldness. "We saw at the banquet the great wisdom of the beard-cherishing and with-bludgeon-begging Cynic. For at first he abstained from lupines and radishes, saying that virtue must not be a slave to the stomach. But when he saw before his eyes a plump and snow-white sow's belly, it promptly stole away [or perhaps 'he promptly juggled off'] his discretion. Contrary to expectation, he asked for some, he ate it, and no mistake, and he said that a sow's belly never did any harm to virtue." We admit a dispute of readings; but, though Mr. Garnett's is a good epigram, it is surely an unnecessary paraphrase.

Nevertheless, there is much interesting and some excellent work in the book; nor should we have made the strictures we have if we were not, as it happens, in the most excellent charity with the authors perstringed. Also we admit that, in this case of all cases, to break a stone is not to make a stone. But in this poetical *bijouterie* you cannot play the game too strictly. Mr. Lang's Advice to the Maidens above cited may be above the reach of some translators in elegance, but they can at least make the amount of unfaithfulness it allows itself their limit.

NOVELS.*

SNOW in harvest is much less rare than a lively novel in the dead season, and the critic feels perhaps unduly grateful to the joint authors of *An Irish Cousin* for having deprived his task of some of its terrors. The book is brisk and easy throughout;

* *An Irish Cousin*. By Gailles Herring and Martin Ross. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1889.

In the Wire-Grass. By Louis Pendleton. New York: Appleton & Co. 1889.

In Sinful Paths. By S. Gibb Holmes. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

the narrative never drags, and even the first person singular, in which the story is told, ceases to be what it so often is, unnatural or obtrusive. The Irish Cousin in question is not the heroine and teller of the tale, but a young man, Willy Sarsfield by name, who is capably drawn and thoroughly human. His attitude towards his father's niece, Theodora Sarsfield, whose Scotch mother had emigrated to California and had there married Owen Sarsfield, the Irishman, is very attractive. He tries in every way to make her feel happy and at home when she comes from America to visit him and his unpleasant old father in county Cork, attending to her little wants and personal comforts with the consideration which goes further in touching a woman's heart than all the great sacrifices that can be made for her. The little touches by which the reader is made to distinguish between Willy's native susceptibility, his genuine kindness of heart, and his real love for his cousin are delicately given. For a long while he is nothing but a boy, an excellent comrade, always ready to play, to take huff and be appeased, but unselfish and kindly even at the moment of the deepest wounds to his vanity. There is nothing mawkish or sentimental about Willy Sarsfield, and the woman that married him would have held her happiness in her own hands. He makes a mess of his life, partly owing to his good qualities themselves; but, in spite of her social inferiority, his wife's great love for him was certain to gain his affections in the long run. The other young man who finally captivates Miss Sarsfield is of a more shadowy and conventional type; but his two sisters are well-studied specimens of the ordinary young lady. Willy's father somehow suggests the immortal figure of Uncle Silas, and his property and house form a congenial home of mystery. The old gentleman shuts himself up for hours in his study drinking more than is good for him, and only emerging at meal-times, to embarrass his niece with clumsy compliments or clumsier chaff. The house is old, ill furnished, much provided with doors; while outside is a handy bog, containing a bottomless pool. Over and above these valuable accessories is a dumb woman, who lives ostensibly at the Lodge, but glides about the hall all night, or is seen executing an Irish jig in the moonlight under Miss Sarsfield's window. Nay, she even goes further, and on one occasion approaches the young lady with a pillow, and an evident intention of plagiarizing from Othello, when the damsel's defiant mien awes her into retreat. Surely Catherine Morland herself could have asked nothing better. People living in such surroundings *must* commit murder, whether they like it or not; and we are not surprised to learn that Mr. Owen Sarsfield's bones, instead of reposing at Cork, where he was taken ill on landing from America, had been secretly laid by his younger brother Dominick and the dumb woman in the deepest recesses of the Poul-na-coppal in the bog. It may be as well to explain that the object of this falsehood and possible murder was that, by antedating the death of Owen, the property, on the father's decease, a few days later, passed to Dominick. The joint authors likewise deserve praise in the matter of their heroine. Every one knows by heart the young autobiographer who, while insisting on her snub nose, red hair, and abnormally large mouth, is always hinting at the contrary opinion held by the admirers whom she reckons by legions. When the reader further learns at the very opening of the story that the maiden has left America only six days before, on her first visit to Europe, he knows that three proposals a day is the least he can expect. How great, then, will be his relief when he finds that Miss Sarsfield frankly ascribes to herself the ordinary amount of good looks, and insinuates nothing more; and that the scalps of her victims only number two—the susceptible Willy and Nugent O'Neill. Miss Sarsfield's grammar and style of narration leave something to be desired; but she is lively and pleasant and a lady—and always, as she is careful to remind her acquaintances, an *Irish* lady. The little incidents of her first run, which she refrains, with great reticence, from describing at length, are very amusingly told; and in this, as in other instances, Miss Sarsfield has no false shame about laughing at her own mistakes and discomfiture. Altogether the joint authors of *An Irish Cousin* may be congratulated on what seems to be their first novel.

Apostrophes play almost as large a part in the two hundred and fifty pages of *In the Wire-Grass* as the capital *I* did in the tale of one's childhood. Stories written in some dialects are perplexing, even exasperating, to read, and require as severe an application of the intellect as the perusal of Mr. George Meredith or the study of Dante. Properly to grasp the author's meaning, and to do justice to his conscientious struggle to convey the local intonation, the student should read the conversations out loud; but this limits his hours of enjoyment to his moments of solitude, as the nuisance would not be tolerated in the family circle. How often have we toiled after Mr. Cable and the Prophet of the Smoky Mountains, and have at last come sadly to the conclusion that, in the effort to obtain verbal understanding, much of eloquence and subtle beauty had passed over our heads. So it is with Mr. Louis Pendleton's tale of *In the Wire-Grass*, the scene of which is laid in Southern Georgia. It is clever in description, and has much about it that is interesting; but between the clipped and transmogrified talk of some admirably-drawn negroes and the bewildering drawl of a gentleman back from Texas, the reader feels that he has missed several of the most telling points. It is a pity that the author could not invent a better ending to his novel. The story of Hilda's marriage and her repudiation is absurd; and absurder still is the notion that her father never

took the trouble to ascertain if the gentleman pointed out to him as Linton Markham was really his guilty son-in-law or not, but strangled him promptly before any one could interfere. One would think that it was both a penal and an unheard-of thing for cousins to bear the same name, from the use made of this incident in novels. Stranger demands are yet made on our credulity. Miss Rachel Hall, aunt of the heroine Audrey, leaves a written statement to the following effect. Her father had gone yachting for an indefinite time with a friend, and for months letters never reached him. Meanwhile his daughter Hilda met and married Linton Markham, and, though her friends knew of the marriage and were present at the ceremony, his family were kept in the dark, in order to propitiate a rich aunt who had already her eye on a wife for him. Even when Hilda's reputation suffered, Mr. Markham made no effort to put things straight, and Hilda left him, went home, and died. We gather by implication that at some time during this period she must have given birth to her daughter Audrey; but no direct reference is made to the fact. Soon after the widowed Mr. Markham married his aunt's candidate, and had the son who twenty years after unknowingly fell in love with Audrey, his half-sister, *four years his junior*! At least this is what Miss Rachel believes and states, without troubling herself to inquire into possibilities, though, of course, the reader is aware that this very unpleasant notion is untrue, and that the conquering hero is the son of the Linton Markham who was murdered by mistake. Mr. Pendleton is always hazy on the subject of ages, and makes the Captain Brooke who, when Audrey was ten, was talked of in the countryside as a suitable husband for her aunt, aged thirty-five, be proposed six years later as a desirable *parti* for Audrey herself, he being "now past thirty" (p. 98). Still, with all these faults and drawbacks, there is a great deal of life and vigour about the book. There is a quotation from a charming poem invented by a "cracker boy" or "mean white trash" beginning

Nigger an' a monkey
Settin' on a rail;
Only disface I kin see,
Nigger got no tail!

Likewise an interesting description of a swamp in the heart of the forest, where the escaped murderer, Miss Rachel's father, lived for three years and was visited by his daughter and her old nurse Maum Chloe. Further on is a capital account of a fox-hunt, which is a very different affair from what takes place in the Shires. "In Southern Georgia the fox is of a grey color, and therefore a different species from the ordinary red American fox. The animal feeds at night, and is usually hunted during the hours preceding midnight; it may, however, be 'jumped' before dawn, and chased through the early morning hours. This was the plan in the present instance. Half-past four had been proposed as the proper time, but the start was made an hour earlier." No wonder American ladies are rarely to be seen in the field!

It is charitable to suppose—indeed, we have the express statement of the author to warrant the supposition—that such books as *In Sinful Paths* are written with a good purpose. It is, however, far more difficult to imagine what use they can be to any mortal. *In Sinful Paths* purports to be a realistic picture of a girl who is tempted and falls, and of her subsequent life; but it is wholly untrue to nature. The language, while professing to be studiously calm and businesslike, is prone to exaggeration, and altogether the book is neither interesting nor edifying.

MONK.*

ONE advantage of what the forerunners of the press of the future call "serieses" is that they supply opportunities for studies of men who might otherwise wait long for a biographer. Mr. Corbett's *Monk* is an instance of this good that there is in a class of books of which some are apt to speak with unwarranted contempt. "The blockhead Albemarle," as Pepys—who, by-the-by, thought *Hudibras* stupid—called him, is not an historical personage who was likely to attract the biographer independently; though, as we see, it was easy enough to find a man who loved him well enough to write about him when invited thereto. There is abundant interest in his life certainly, and he would be an admirable hero if he were only treated with that poetic sympathy which is so necessary for the biographer and is also so different from that undiscerning admiration to which Lord Macaulay gave a Latin name. Monk needs to be loved for himself and for what he was, and not loved first and then compelled to conform to some recognized standard of merit. If a man were in search of a phrase with which to tickle Monk, he might do worse than describe him as that Englishman of all Englishmen who most clearly illustrated the amazing luck of England. It may be that such luck comes only to peoples who deserve good fortune. We are the more inclined to accept this proposition because of a surety the luck of this country has been unspeakable. Never was it more conspicuous than in the presence of George Monk at the head of the army of Scotland in 1660. In his own very different way he was as distinctly the man for the situation as ever Cromwell had been. The Protector, whatever else we may think

* *English Men of Action—Monk*. By Julian Corbett. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

of him, was at least admirably fitted to so rule England in the general crash of revolution as to save all that could be saved from destruction. Fanatic and revolutionist enough he was to understand fanatics and revolutionists, to gain the support of some and see through the others, and yet in all the foundation of his character a solid English country gentleman of an almost Tory stamp. As he was also a born ruler and master man, he could seize the revolutionized nation and hold it quiet till the paroxysms of its passion had settled down. It would be absurd to assert that Monk could have done such a feat of lion-taming. He could do no other than be swept along with the currents between 1645 and 1650. But ten years later the time had come when the nations could again fall into the old roads, and when they were longing for an end to makeshifts and unrest. Then there was another work to be done—something less amazing than Cromwell's, something in which the doer looked less overpoweringly superior to his kind, and yet a great thing, and a necessary and a beneficent. It could not put him who did it into a position of lonely grandeur; but it could, and did, enable him to earn the sincere, if not enthusiastic, gratitude of his country. This work Monk did; and, therefore, he deserves to rank among those Englishmen who have made modern England.

It would scarcely be a paradox to assert that he succeeded because he was a strictly limited, even rather stupid, man of the ordinary Low-Country-officer stamp. From time to time this seems to be the view of Mr. Corbett himself. We find him describing Monk as a dull man; and in the account of the great crisis acknowledging that the General of the army of Scotland was carried on by the forces behind him in a way he did not himself clearly understand. At times, again, it seems to strike Mr. Corbett that this is not the way to write about a hero, and then he feels bound to show that Monk was really a very superior person. Hence a certain want of coherence in the portrait. If Mr. Corbett had acknowledged at once that Monk was a solid military gentleman, with military ideas and military morality, strengthened by a very earthy shrewdness of his own, he would have given a more acceptable picture of his man. At times, indeed, he speaks as if he saw as much clearly; but then, again, at others he digresses into interpretations which are in point of ingenuity, though not of absurdity, on a level with that apology for Jezebel with which, under the scarcely sufficiently recognized inspiration of M. Ernest Renan, he has so lately diverted the reader of magazines. Hence, as we say, a certain incoherence in the portraiture. Mr. Corbett, indeed, gives you the real man and the interpretation in the manner of M. Renan within a few pages of one another. On page 11, for instance, he mentions Monk's appointment as captain-lieutenant in Vere's regiment, and proceeds to explain with what moral superiority he performed his duties:—

He [Monk] had no idea of young gentlemen playing at soldiers and disgracing the name by using it only as an excuse for every kind of license. Soldiering under Captain Monk was found to be a very serious thing. The wildest blades were soon tamed by the impassive stare and rough speech of the captain-lieutenant, young as he still was, and many there were who lived to thank him long afterwards for the severity of the lessons he taught.

Here is a sketch of something other than the usual military gentleman who kept military order in his company. Turn we to p. 14, and what do we find:—

In the following year [the year after the siege of Breda], as he lay in winter quarters at Dort, the burghers took deep offence at some disturbance of which his young reprobates had been guilty, and claimed to try them for the offence. No one had a higher sense of his duty to his employers than Monk, and no one stood up more stoutly for the rights of the men under his command. He insisted on settling the matter by court-martial. The burghers appealed to the States. Such cases were not unknown, and had always been decided in favour of the military. But Dort was an important town, and not to be offended lightly. The States-General decided in favour of the burgomaster, and the Prince had to order Monk and his troops into quarters which were by no means a change for the better. Monk was highly offended. He considered the honour of the army was outraged in his person. Unable to support the indignity, and disgusted at the want of consideration shown to a man of his services, he resigned his commission, and resolved to place his sword and experience at the service of his own country.

How did Mr. Corbett get past this story without making that quotation which comes so naturally to one's mind?—

"Oh! my Lord," said the soldier in a sort of enthusiasm, "their behaviour on pay-day might be a pattern to all Europe—no borrowings, no lendings, no offsets, no arrears, all balanced and paid like a banker's book. The quarters, too, are excellent, and the allowances unchallengeable; but then, sir, they are a preceese, scrupulous people, and will allow nothing for peccadilloes. So that if a boor complains of a broken head, or a beer-seller of a broken can, or a daft wench does but squeak loud enough to be heard above her breath, a soldier of honour shall be dragged, not before his own court-martial, who can best judge of and punish his demerits, but before a base mechanical burgomaster, who shall menace him with the rath-house, the cord, and what not, as if he were one of their own mean, amphibious, twenty-breeched boors. So not being able to dwell longer among these ungrateful plebeians, who, although unable to defend themselves by their own proper strength, will nevertheless allow the noble foreign cavalier who engages with them nothing beyond his dry wages, which no honourable spirit will put in competition with a liberal license and honourable countenance, I resolved to leave the service of the myneheers. And hearing at this time, to my exceeding satisfaction, that there is something to be doing this summer in my way in this, my dear native country, I am come hither, as they say, like a beggar to a bridal, in order to give my loving countrymen the advantage of that experience which I have acquired in foreign parts."

"Le maître a parlé," said Sainte-Beuve, after quoting Sir Walter on Le Sage. There is no more to be said.

Perhaps Mr. Corbett did not quote this inimitable passage because it would have clashed with one of the conflicting views he takes of his man. We could wish he had read it and stuck to it; for the facts he quotes prove that Monk was very much the soldier of fortune who looked steadily to his pay and booty, and yet was not forgetful of the honour of a cavalier and the needful points of commanded duty. Mr. Corbett speaks of Monk's genius as a general and other intellectual things; but the facts prove that when Cromwell was there Monk saw brilliant things done, when Cromwell was absent brilliant things did not happen. What took their place was good, stout, competent soldiering, and the loyal doing of work according to the contract. Because he was a solid trustworthy man the Council of State put him over the fleet and the Protector put Scotland in his hands. When the Protector was gone his chance came. If Richard Cromwell had been true to himself, Monk would have been true to him. He had his "whole stift of Dunkel-spiel on the Lower Rhine," and his chance, which in an honourable way he did not neglect, of licking his fingers like a good cook; and what more should he want? But Richard was a poor creature. Anarchy came, and then Monk, the one strictly professional sane man with a trustworthy force at his back, mowed the meadow. Had he been touched with imaginative ambition the temptation to rule for himself would have been too much. He would have done what some half-dozen Frenchmen in a somewhat similar position have done. But to walk on the edge of the sword with the scaffold on one hand and the assassin on the other was no temptation to George Monk. He had neither the brilliant nor the weak qualities which lead a man to run that dreadful course. He saw that to the fanatics themselves the monarchy was the second best thing—to the mass of the nations, English, Scotch, and Irish, it was the one certain alternative to insecurity. He took his course, not hastily, not by a brilliant stroke, but slowly, solidly, and not altogether selfishly. A duchy, thirty thousand a year, and security, could be got with the good will of the nation. Once more in his life, pay, booty, and the honour of a cavalier went together. He turned from the chance of personal power, and clung to what was safe with the good firm grip of a brave man. It was, indeed, happy for England that such a man should have been where he was. Solid and absolutely sane bravery was the note of the man, whether in the breach at Breda, in the miserable Irish welter, in the Highlands, or at Whitehall during the Restoration or during the Plague. Such were the men whose bones were made in England, and therefore we did not fall from Cromwell to unknown depths, as France has fallen from Napoleon to—well, to what we see.

USEFUL NATIVE PLANTS OF AUSTRALIA.*

THE Technological, Industrial, and Sanitary Museum of New South Wales, which was founded in 1880, is an enormous permanent exhibition already containing more than 25,000 specimens, intended to be for Sydney what South Kensington and Bethnal Green, &c., are for London. Animal and vegetable products of all kinds, "waste products," and their utilization, food-stuffs, pottery, &c., metals, agricultural requisites, and numerous other exhibits are provided for, and are evidently accumulating, and such things need cataloguing in due course. Hence the present book—a well-got-up volume of nearly 700 pages, literally crammed with information about plants and their uses. At first sight a catalogue can rarely attract the general reader, but the amount of interesting information scattered through these paragraphs of Mr. Maiden's will amply repay the attention of any one who cares to learn something about the uses of the many curious plants of Australia.

In the first place, the work is carefully and systematically done, and provided with copious indices. Whether the various subdivisions are the best possible is of less importance than whether they are maintained consistently and intelligently; and, in our opinion, the author has adopted a simple plan, and carried it through with credit. In the second place, the information is, in most cases, full and to the point; and it seems much more important that useful information should be given under each heading than that the catalogue should be small and "handy." It is true this plan entails numerous cross-references and some repetitions; but, so far as we have tested the book, these evils appear to be well kept down.

The most surprising fact to us, however, is, that a book of this kind can be made so interesting, while although we see traces of "padding" here and there, there is an air of honesty about the paragraphs which compels attention. Of course, Australia is a world of plant-wonders in itself, and it would be difficult to avoid saying something interesting about the huge "Gum-trees," or the queer "Grass-trees," or the "Bottle-brushes," "Wattles," and other well-known marvels; but the author has in most cases succeeded in saying something interesting under headings of far less promising nature, and giving us the authority for it into the bargain.

The material thus industriously worked up is enormous and must be rapidly growing. More than six hundred timber trees alone are treated of, many of them in some detail, while foods,

* *Useful Native Plants of Australia.* By J. H. Maiden, F.L.S., F.C.S., &c., Curator of the Technological Museum of New South Wales. London: Trübner & Co. Sydney: Turner & Henderson. 1889.

ferge-plants, drugs, perfumes, gums, &c., oils, dyes, fibres, and so on, all receive attention.

It is, of course, impossible to mention many details here. Most readers will be interested in the accounts of the natives' method of obtaining water from the roots of trees; of the aborigines' only hereditary property—the Bunyabunya (*Araucaria Bidwillii*)—of the queer She-oaks (*Casuarina*), Gum-trees (*Eucalyptus*), &c. Every one has heard of the giant trees of California, belonging to the Coniferous genus *Wellingtonia*, and some of which have been known to reach 400–450 feet in height; but it may not be so generally known that the Australians here beat the Americans by several feet, for a specimen of the Giant Gum (*Eucalyptus amygdalina*) is quoted as being 471 feet in height.

Much information is accumulating with reference to the numerous and valuable timbers of Australia, and the author has used discretion in his extracts; but the very excellence of this catalogue is one of the best proofs how much has still to be done. And the same may be said for the other departments. Drugs and poisonous plants are always difficult to get accurate information about, and those of Australia may well be particularly so; for, as the author remarks, there is no well-trying and ancient (however superstitious) native faculty to appeal to, as there is in India and other Asiatic countries, and the "tamed" aborigine is very ready to give information when he sees it is wanted, and will reply only too willingly to leading questions.

More than one old friend is to be met with in these distant climes, and it seems strange to find our common little *Cardamine hirsuta* (which, by the way, is erroneously called "Lady's Smock," a name given to its close ally, *C. pratensis*) scattered "throughout the colonies," and to learn that the Bracken Fern occurs in all the colonies of Australia.

In conclusion, we must heartily agree with the author in his repeated deprecation of the practice of sending wrong information to various centres of dissemination; but we might add that the practice is so common because good observers are so rare. When our colonists take more trouble to learn something about nature and how to observe properly, we shall have less of the chaff that now flies about from one source to another, and curators of museums will not be the only people who benefit from the change.

BONHAM'S INDUSTRIAL LIBERTY.*

A LARGE amount of valuable work in the field of social and economic science has been coming to us from America in the last few years. This activity in a specific domain is in itself not without significance. But more significant still is the prevailing tendency and bias of recent economic work. Mr. Bonham, like many of his fellow-writers, is an ardent disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer, an inexorable and unbending individualist. Putting on one side his desire to promote certain specific social and financial reforms, his main purpose in the work before us is to arouse the attention of Americans to a danger which seems likely not merely to postpone indefinitely the hope of a more perfect liberty in industrial matters, but even to threaten the existence of their much-vaunted political freedom. In Mr. Bonham's view political liberty is being slowly smothered beneath industrial slavery. Vast corporations are being gradually consolidated—corporations dangerous to individual freedom, and inconsistent with the spirit of the American Constitution, forgetful of their obligations towards the State which endowed them with life, and careless of the interests of the mass of the shareholders whose rights they were appointed to safeguard; powerful for the accumulation of individual fortunes, but directly antagonistic to the healthy development of legitimate industries. Politically these monsters daily increase in strength; they strike swiftly, and in secret; the net which they spread is ever widening, until it threatens at no distant date to envelop the whole fabric of political liberty in the United States. Such is the alarming picture which Mr. Bonham draws of the industrial and political situation in America at the present time. If it be correct, its character has certainly been imperfectly apprehended up to the present in this country, and Mr. Bonham deserves gratitude for enabling us to realize it more vividly.

He approaches his subject with much circumspection. His method is sternly logical, and his style at times almost severely abstract. He has, indeed, aimed at keeping in view "principles rather than statistics," and so, having made "an analysis of the salient political and industrial evils of our time," he has been enabled to "measure by fundamental rules the departure in some of our governmental and industrial methods from these principles." He, therefore, begins by tracing the development of the idea of liberty in England. Correct views upon English constitutional history are not perhaps essential to the soundness of his main argument; but, since he alludes to the matter, it were as well he should do it accurately. It may be quite true, as Mr. Bonham points out, that the importance of Magna Charta has been overrated; but it is not true, as he implies, that its provisions were framed with an exclusive regard to the interests of the baronial classes. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in that remarkable document than the breadth of view it exhibits as to the relations of class and class. Nor is it strictly true to say, as Mr. Bonham

says, that "Simon de Montfort called into being the House of Commons." The importance of the Bill of Rights, too, must in future be discounted; it was, as we learn from Mr. Bonham, "really a Bill of particulars." Indeed, the ideas of liberty entertained by even the best of Englishmen in the past were hopelessly limited and perverted. It remained for the framers of the American Constitution, for men "acquainted with the ancient republics," men who had "eminent legal ability, the sagacity and patriotism of the statesman, and the wisdom of the political philosopher," to proclaim to the world the true meaning of political and individual liberty! It is handsomely acknowledged that America owed "a great debt to England"; but Mr. Bonham cannot overlook the fact that in England we have bowed the knee to kings and have permitted ourselves to be trampled on by an hereditary aristocracy. We do not complain that Mr. Bonham should think the existence of a monarchy incompatible with liberty; we do not complain that he should hold in light esteem those constitutional documents which are sometimes grandiloquently called "the monuments of English freedom"; but, though we forgive him this, is it not a trifle unreasoning—a little unphilosophic—to resent the fact that political liberty in the particular sense in which it is understood by Mr. Bonham and the authors of the *Federalist* should not have been born into the world centuries ago, full grown and completely equipped? He professes great admiration for the work of Montesquieu, but he complains that, "measured by the standards of to-day," parts of it are very defective. But who, judged by such lights, may escape condemnation? Who, measured by the standard of the American Constitution, may hope to approach perfection? Mr. Bonham expects too much. Not in this case only, but to a great extent throughout the book, his argument is vitiated by an entire and irritating absence of a sense of historical perspective. He manifests it here, and he manifests it still more clearly in a later chapter on "Political Government." He does justice to the spirit which animated the mediæval Churchmen. But, because the enlightened citizen of the Great Republic has now reached a stage when he can dispense with the ministrations which the Catholic Church offered and the sanctions it proclaimed, is it wise or is it philosophical to conclude that the aims of the mediæval Church were false or that the means employed "weakened and degraded" the political condition of mankind?

We have indicated a flaw in Mr. Bonham's philosophic method which we take to be fundamental; but, though it vitiates his history, it affects far less seriously his examination of the political and industrial problems of to-day. His conclusion is that the existence of industrial liberty, and through it of political liberty, is grievously threatened, chiefly by the growth of parasitic developments which could not be foreseen at the time when the American Constitution was framed. In his view, "industrial liberty consists in the freedom of each individual citizen, guarded by such delegated authority, contributed by each, as is necessary to preserve their individual freedom equally to each; and this liberty includes the freedom of each individual citizen to contract and the sanctity of contract." Accepting this definition, for the time, as both adequate and true, we ask by what dangers is this liberty assailed? To answer this question is the purpose of the work before us. Mr. Bonham shows, in the first place, that the vast industrial revolution effected by the application of steam to the manufacture and carriage of goods has been, on the whole, adverse to the growth of liberty. The enormous impulse it has given to the creation of wealth is, of course, unquestioned; the improvements it has effected in its distribution are less obvious. But Mr. Bonham's great point is that it has tended, and is tending more and more, to give a dangerous supremacy to the industrial Corporation—a supremacy which is already perverting industrial liberty, and which may extinguish political liberty as well. It is impossible to follow in detail Mr. Bonham's searching analysis of the operations of these industrial Corporations. We are fairly well accustomed to hear of the dishonesty of railway management in the United States, but never, we may make bold to say, has such a lurid light been thrown upon its systematic and ever-widening corruption as by the pen of Mr. Bonham. Assuming the correctness of his facts (and there seems, indeed, no room for question), there cannot be a shadow of doubt that railway management in America is even more hopelessly corrupt than English investors have realized; that it is not merely unmindful of its responsibility to the public, but grossly unfaithful to the trust reposed in it by the proprietors. The main source of the evil appears to be in the relations which have been built up between the railway managers—acting as private individuals—and the "parasite Corporations" which have come into existence in connexion with the great railway Companies. By the assiduous development of these relations the railway managers have succeeded in giving such preferential advantages to these "Parasites" as to create for them a practical monopoly in certain industries. More than this, the system had been immensely extended and elaborated by the creation of vast "Trusts." The projectors of the "Standard Oil Trust," for example, "erected a structure by which they coupled all of the secret interests of the managers of the several trunk-lines, so far as their interests referred to the shipment of petroleum. They thus made a basis for division of the profits of this product between one great parasite and the managers of the different railways. By this device all competition which formerly existed between the parasites of the different trunk-lines was

* *Industrial Liberty*. By John M. Bonham. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

overcome through consolidation. . . . Thus a whole industry was seized. This 'Trust' standing between the producer and the consumer, and through alliance with the railway managers controlling the only means of communication, proceeded to extract from both producer and consumer the largest possible margin, and to hold the industry in its grasp." Such is the system by which legitimate profits have been diverted, and the vast fortunes of a few "manipulators" have been built up.

Among many interesting questions raised by Mr. Bonham in connexion with this subject, two seem to us of special interest. There can be no doubt that our author is right in insisting upon the close connexion between these notorious but hard-to-be-detected railway and Trust malversations, and the growth of the Socialistic temper which has lately made itself dangerously manifest in America in such organizations as the "Knights of Labour." No one defends either the objects or the methods of these organizations, but it is impossible to deny that they are, in America, in some sort a natural growth. As Mr. Bonham truly says:—

Whilst the laborer may not reason accurately upon all the details, he cannot fail to feel instinctively the salient consequences which lie all around him; he cannot fail to see that the greatest of the fortunes that have been heaped up within the last twenty years owe their being, not to the creation of industry, but to a species of legerdemain, through which the fruits of other ownership held in trust have been transferred to these custodians. If men placed in charge of property under what ought to be held as the sacred obligations of custody appropriate that property to themselves, why may not the laborer who has no such nice obligation disregard the law of ownership in a less degree?

Mr. Bonham is not specially complimentary to the American "laborer," but he is not, perhaps, far out in his estimate of average human nature. There is another aspect of the matter which is of even more interest to ourselves than the connexion between Socialism and financial "manipulation." It is the relation between the existence of these consolidated "Trusts" and the maintenance of the Protective Tariff in the United States. We have never held that the removal of their trade restrictions would prove an unmixed advantage to our own traders; but none the less it is interesting, from the point of view of abstract economics, to understand the reasons which have so long delayed their return to the path of financial sanity. Among these reasons the development of the "Trust" system is certainly not the least potent. It is shown by Mr. Bonham ingeniously, but at the same time conclusively, how these "Trusts" are able to appropriate the premium which is afforded by the Protective tariff to certain industries, and, further, how the operations of the "Trusts" tend exactly to neutralize the benefits which the Protectionists claim for their own system:—

The Protectionists [he says truly] cry for protection because they assume that it encourages industry; but their "Trust" flatly contradicts the assumption. They seek to prohibit foreign competition by a tariff, and then repress home industry by a "Trust." Thus the salt, steel, lead, rubber, and other similar "Trusts" methodically and rigorously aim to keep from growing the several industries which the tariff is to foster, in order that the organizers of a "Trust" may profit by the repression of those industries, and then, by the reduction of wages and the increase of price, appropriate the Government's bounty.

We have not lately seen any clearer or more caustic *reductio ad absurdum* of the system which all the best American economists have now combined to deprecate. Needless to say that the "Trust" system has developed in many other directions, which Mr. Bonham explores in considerable detail, but whither we have no time to follow him. The obvious question which occurs to an English reader is, How comes it, since the methods pursued by the "manipulators" appear to be so accurately known, that no means have been taken to put a stop to a system which is so palpably injurious to the common weal? Mr. Bonham in part supplies the answer. The obstacles in the way of reform are neither few nor unimportant. In the first place, the existing judicial tribunals are entirely inadequate to deal with the evil. The abuse did not exist at the time the Constitution was originally framed, and consequently no remedies were provided even by its all but omniscient framers. Here we have an illustration of the disadvantages attendant on the immobility of the American Constitution—that element which in the judgment of the late Sir Henry Maine was one of its most salient advantages. Even Mr. Bonham has been fain to confess with Bacon that his country has not been sufficiently apt "in devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischiefs." The appointment of the Inter-State Commerce Commission was, indeed, an indication of a dawning perception that existing tribunals were insufficient to meet existing dangers; but neither that Commission nor the Pacific Railway Commission have succeeded in thoroughly unearthing all the secret machinations of the "foul conspirators" against the commonwealth. But it is not merely of the insufficiency of judicial tribunals that Mr. Bonham complains. He realizes clearly that the most formidable obstacle to reform consists in the immense political influence which the "Corporations" can exert, and in the "Corporations" lies the root of the evil. No thorough reform can be looked for from "statesmen who have direct or indirect alliances with the railway interest." Their corporate interests, as Mr. Bonham says, "stand in perpetual conflict with their duties as representatives of the people. . . . Some of these representatives have been placed in their seats through the direct influence of the corporate power for the purpose of furthering it by legislation. Having been successfully engaged in supplanting economic and natural laws by processes which seem to

them of a more practical kind, it is not to be supposed that such representatives will examine the force of those economic laws with which they stand in conflict." But perhaps the most disheartening feature of the whole situation, to the eye of the ardent reformer, is the comparative apathy with which the public at large regards the matter. This apathy can without difficulty be explained. In the first instance, the American people were possessed by an absorbing anxiety for railway development; they were careless as to the evils which the system established by themselves might generate. Then came a reaction; the people were alarmed at the power of the monster they had created; retaliatory legislation was hastily promoted; the intervention of the Courts was invoked; the railways were found, as a rule, to be within the forms of law; the excitement quickly aroused, as quickly cooled, and public opinion was once again lulled into acquiescent apathy. Meanwhile the magnitude of the evil, so far from diminishing, is steadily increasing, and every year the "railway interest," by the consolidation of its connexions, is making itself more and more impregnable. Firmly as he deprecates the acquisition of railways by the State, Mr. Bonham clearly recognizes that nothing can be done in the direction of reform until the relations of the railway and the State are put upon a sounder basis, until the former acknowledge a "specific trust." At present the railway interest has got somewhat out of hand, and, as our author pertinently observes, "all human experience shows that no artificial organization whose motive is private gain can safely be endowed with political influence or regulation of industry except under continuous and specific governmental control."

We have already alluded incidentally to the close connexion between the "Trust" system which Mr. Bonham so vigorously assails and the maintenance of the Protective tariff; but the chapter on "Protection" (chapter viii.) is well worth reading apart from all reference to the main thesis which the author is seeking to support. It really seems impossible to believe that the vast, though scattered, agricultural interests of the West will submit to be crippled in their industry for the sake of the manufacturing "Ring" in the Eastern States, when once they clearly realize the true bearing of the matter. From the consideration of the Protective system and its glaring absurdities, Mr. Bonham passes naturally to the more general aspects of paternal government. He is, as we have said, a stern individualist, and nowhere does this come out more strongly than in his treatment of the education question. To his thinking it is no part of the function of the State to attempt to neutralize nature's law of diversity of faculty. He is roundly opposed to compulsory education, and still more so to making that education gratuitous, maintaining that the common-school system and the policy on which it rests must "in the sum of its consequences deteriorate the freedom and well-being of the race." Nay, he would even go so far as to contend that the future of American civilization is threatened by this adventitious aid to the already prevailing tendency towards uniformity. In this country we have hardly had time to realize the full effects of the "Revolution of 1870"; opposition to the School Board, if not silenced, is generally stifled; but there are more people, we suspect, who would concur in the following sentiments than would care to avow it:—"It is an assumption, and not a right, by which a majority does the initial wrong of reaching into the pocket of one citizen and taking part of the fruits of his industry in order to accomplish the second wrong of thrusting the arm of the Government into the family of another, to lift from his shoulders the paternal duty; and then to do the third wrong of attempting to substitute for that paternal duty the process of making the minds of children uniform."

Much of Mr. Bonham's tirade against *paternalism* is tolerably familiar to readers of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but, for all that, there is a freshness of treatment and a vigour of argument in the disciple which cannot fail to render his work more than acceptable. The problems with which he deals are to a large extent local problems; but the principles which he enunciates, and with not a little force maintains, are capable of wider application. He occasionally lapses into extravagance and bombast, as when he declares that the town meeting and the Corporation stand in the same antagonism now as when "Arminius smote Varus, shattered and drove back the Roman legions from the country of the Rhine"; but, on the whole, his style is dignified and restrained, and apt for the illustration of principles which, though not popular, are sound.

TWO BOOKS OF EASTERN TRAVEL.*

IN *The Land of the Dragon* Mr. Percival begins by endeavouring to dispel the idea which he found current among his friends in England during a well-earned furlough, that Shanghai was situated in a dismal swamp, and that the houses are "perched on piles," the ground not being sufficiently dry to admit of the people "occupying tents or log huts." Shanghai, as we thought most people knew, is the model European city of the East. The success of its municipal system is guaranteed by the

* *The Land of the Dragon; My Boating and Shooting Excursions to the Gorges of the Upper Yang-tze.* By W. Spencer Percival, H.B.M.'s Civil Service, China. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

A Suburb of Yedo. By (the late) Theobald A. Purcell, Surgeon-Major, A.M.D., and (by permission) Principal Medical Officer to the Japanese Government. With Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

fact of the Town Council being composed of the leading merchants and bankers, who take a pride in their city, and have made its cleanliness, its drainage, its supply of water, gas, and electric light an example which might well be followed by some communities nearer home. The "dismal swamp" of forty years ago has been transformed into a bright and beautiful abode, whose fine public gardens, yacht club, cricket club, Fine Arts Society, Amateur Dramatic Company, &c., enable the residents to enjoy life most thoroughly, except during the hot season. It is curious to read that "many young and wealthy Chinese from all parts of the interior look upon Shanghai as Europeans look upon Paris or London. Most of them come here with plenty of riches, and a large credit; but the majority return—i.e. if they return at all—very much after the fashion of the Prodigal." Yet in spite of all these attractions, and of a double-columned list of local Societies which occupies nearly the whole of one of Mr. Percival's pages, Shanghai has one drawback besides the heat of summer—you can go nowhere, and do nothing, without a boat. Round Shanghai foreigners have, with much difficulty, obtained from the Chinese authorities "permission to make a very few miles of road outside the boundary of the foreign concession; but five miles east and five miles west is the limit. You must go and return by the same road. Day after day the same weary drive is all the carriage exercise to be had, which in a short time becomes monotonous in the extreme." In Mr. Percival's case, however, this necessity for making his vacation tours in a house-boat seems not to have been unwelcome; and, when jaded by work, his habit is to start with his wife and daughter on a series of adventures such as few single men would care to face. All three were once attacked and overpowered by a furious mob of villagers and imprisoned in a "Joss-house," whence they escaped by cutting a hole in the bamboo walls; their boat was almost wrecked in a heavy gale on Lake Taihu, and leaked so badly that a dry dock had to be improvised for her repair; yet, in spite of battle and tempest, when the writer came to leave the lake which had treated him so roughly, "we were all rather sorry. I had been sent there as an invalid to recover a little health, and, when I came to review the treatment, I thought it had been rather a severe one for a sick man. But it had agreed with me, for I was perfectly well and strong." The country round about Shanghai was the scene of the great Tae-ping rebellion twenty-five years ago. One of the most curious results of this great struggle was that within a few years in the more remote districts round Shanghai it was

not unusual to meet an American or a European in Chinese attire, who had married a native woman and adopted the Chinese language to the almost utter forgetfulness of his mother tongue. I have met with one or two of these men myself. They are mostly, if not all of them, waifs and strays, who served, some in the rebel, some in the Imperial army, during the fifteen years of the rebellion. Those that I have seen are comfortably settled, with Chinese wives and families, living in Chinese communities exactly as though they were natives of the land. Indeed, I have often fancied that the marked character of the Caucasian features have partly changed into the almond, cat-like eyes, and the stumpy nose of the Chinese.

A propos of this, Mr. Percival extracts from the leading Shanghai paper a delicious yarn of a belated shooting-party, who applied to a native farmer for hospitality. Their host treated them well, was a bit of a sportsman, and a very pleasant evening was spent, when suddenly the "native" electrified his guests by rising and saying to them in English, "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to my wife!" We cannot resist quoting Mr. Percival's account of his visit to an "opium-den," said to be the largest place of the sort in all China, which he found to be

a luxurious establishment, where, in the "first class," the woodwork of the couches is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, jade, and ivory. The couches and pillows are richly covered, some with embroidered satin, some with crimson velvet. The building is in the form of a quadrangle, open in the centre for light and air. This centre court is a garden, containing a variety of rare plants and shrubs, interspersed with a quantity of miniature rock-work. The ceiling throughout the interior is beautifully carved, and in places richly gilt, with many grotesque designs, thoroughly Chinese, and at regular intervals along the walls are let in large slabs of curious variegated marble. . . . I lingered about the place for more than two hours, occasionally sitting and talking to one of the smokers . . . but always watching for the vacant, silly gaze of which I had heard so much. . . . I admit I felt uncomfortable, and not a little disillusioned. Like a stranger in a West-End club staring at members in the smoking-room, whom he had been led to expect to find inebriated and rolling about the floor, but who, on the contrary, gaze calmly and curiously at the audacious intruder, I felt baffled and confounded, for, like many of my fellow-countrymen, I had pictured to myself this greatest opium resort in the whole of China as a perfect den—an epitome of vice and misery—and fully expected the reality to exceed my mental creation; and now, after as thorough an investigation as two hours admitted of, I had to confess that this establishment, instead of proving the haunt of unspeakable misery and iniquity, presented, in elegance, order, sobriety, decorum, and courtesy to the guests, a not unfavourable comparison with the majority of cigar-divans and coffee-houses in many of the large cities of Europe.

The most important part of Mr. Percival's book is his description of the journey to Ichang. The gorges of the Yangtze Kiang have already been well described in Mr. Little's book; and he, after his adventurous voyage through them, determined to run a trading steamer up the river. The steamer has been built; but the difficulties to be overcome before she could make a trip have been enough to dishearten any man.

All the natives of the two provinces of Szechuen and Hupeh appeared to dislike the advent of steam navigation. They thought, and very naturally so too, that, if one steamer is successful, it will only be a very short time

before there is a regular line of steamers running between Ichang and Chungking. The Mandarins objected because they feared the result of any closer intimacy with the outside barbarian. The governing authorities objected because they feared a row. The merchants objected because they feared that foreign traders would soon learn the price of Szechuen produce, and so cut down their profits. The boat-owners objected because they feared that steamers would take away their occupation, and the trackers and coolies objected because they feared that, if the boat traffic disappeared, their means of livelihood would disappear also. In the face of so much opposition and so many difficulties, I fear Mr. Little had rather a rough and anxious time.

Indeed, we fear that he cannot even yet be congratulated upon having brought his enterprise to a successful issue. Nevertheless the introduction of railways and steamers into the interior of the Chinese Empire is merely a question of time, and of a very short time also. A complete revolution has taken place in Chinese ideas since the Woosung railway plant was bought up and dropped into the sea. There is already a railway 81 miles in length in actual working, and the telegraph, which was bitterly opposed at first, now extends for 3,000 miles. In spite of the opposition of the literati, whose training renders them intensely patriotic and opposed to foreigners as foreigners, and who "breathe the spirit of the Emperor Yung-Ching, who, addressing a deputation, declared:—'China will want for nothing when you cease to live in it, and your absence will not cause it any loss,'" in spite of the ill-will of nearly all classes in China, its Government seems to see that, as the admission of steamers and railways is inevitable, all it can now stipulate for is that the management of them shall be retained in Chinese hands. On Friday, June 21st, 1889, the Shanghai Correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphed:—"Li Hung Chang has written a memorial, accepting the control of the railways in the north of China, and recommending Chang Chi Tung for the corresponding position in the south. It is stated that tenders are to be received for the building of a railway from Peking to Hankow. There seems no doubt that the Government at last really mean business in this matter."

A Suburb of Yedo forms a complete contrast to Mr. Percival's book. The one describes China from the outside, the other describes Japan from the inside. Emerson, we are told, once prophesied there would grow up in England an irresistible taste for Orientalism. Thus far it has taken the form of admiring and imitating the furniture and fabrics, rather than the literature, of the East; but nevertheless, at a time when all countries in Europe and America seem to be fast being ground down into mere repetitions of one commonplace pattern, we cannot wonder if the two nations of China and Japan, whose arts and letters have grown up independently of our own, should have a strange fascination for us. These idyllic little sketches of Japanese life are distinctly unprogressive; we hear nothing about the railway and the steamship, and the thoughts which shake so many of mankind in the East just now. The book, while modestly professing to describe "Our Suburb," is really a storehouse of deliciously quaint old-world Japanese gossip, most sympathetically told, and evidently keenly enjoyed by the narrator. The real native illustrations, capitally executed, add immensely to the local colour; and the descriptions of "the barber," "the doctor," "the blind priest" and his winsome "little maid," the "story-teller," and the poor old bellringer who perished in the fire with the beloved bell which he could not save, are all alike freshly and pleasantly written. We grieve to learn from the title-page that one who could write so well will write no more. He appears to have thoroughly entered into the life of the people among whom his lot was cast, and we imagine that most readers will be sorry that his book contains so very few pages and surprised at the clearness of the pictures of old Japan which they contain.

AN ANALYSIS.

A VOLUME now before us declares itself a part of the *Short History of the English People*, by the late J. R. Green. It is not so, for it is really a part of Mrs. Green's revised edition. We have already expressed our opinion as to the propriety of the course adopted in preparing this edition; the book is a famous one, and there should have been no tampering with the text of the deceased author. When the revised edition was first published it contained a warning that the book was not as Green had left it; this volume gives no such warning, and the purchaser who believes that he has bought the famous *Short History*, or rather a portion of it, will have just cause of complaint. A comparison of the first few pages with the corresponding pages of the original will afford a fair crop of examples of the method pursued by the reviser. An Analysis is appended, compiled by Mr. Tait. If, as we imagine, it is intended to represent the contents of part of either of the editions of the *Short History*, it should have given references to pages. It contains several statements which we have failed to find in the book itself. Nevertheless, it is possible that they may be there in one form or another; for it is not by any means always easy to hunt up a given statement of fact in the *Short History*. As an independent analysis of English history from the death of Thomas Cromwell to the Revolution—

* *A Short History of the English People*. By John Richard Green, Hon. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. With Maps, Tables, and an Analysis by C. W. A. Tait, Assistant-Master in Clifton College. Part III. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

the period covered by this volume—it strikes us as a careful and intelligent piece of work. For many reasons Green's book, brilliant as it is, is not a good school history; but the teacher who will accept the help which Mr. Tait offers him may use it with a fair chance of profit to his scholars.

THE SCIENTIFIC PAPERS OF SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.*

DR. POLE'S Life of Siemens has been appropriately followed up by a reprint of the great inventor's papers and addresses upon scientific subjects. To most people it will be matter of surprise that one who was essentially a man of action rather than of speech has furnished so considerable an amount of material for reprinting. Siemens was by no means an inarticulate engineer; but he left so large a legacy of accomplished work, in the way of invention and construction, that one did not look for evidence of a very active pen. Nevertheless, Mr. Bamber has collected enough to fill three substantial volumes, and we could point to papers which he has omitted—perhaps because their subject-matter was sufficiently covered by other papers which are included in the collection. Indeed, the editor might very properly have given this principle a greatly extended application. As things are there is a great deal of repetition, much of which is needless. It was inevitable that, when Siemens was describing one of his inventions—say, for instance, his regenerative gas furnace—to one and another of the learned or semi-learned Societies, he should handle much the same matter, and dress it in much the same form. In such cases space would have been saved, a larger circle of readers might have been secured, and at least as much honour would have been done to the author's memory, if only the most representative paper had been selected for publication *in extenso*, and the others had been given in short abstract, with quotations of any passages in which substantial novelties were to be found. The same principle might have led to the excision or abbreviation of a good many of the numerous short speeches which fill a considerable part of these volumes, remarks made by way of compliment on or criticism of papers read by others at the Institution of Civil or Mechanical Engineers or Naval Architects, or at the Iron and Steel Institute. Those remarks cannot in the nature of the case have been meant by the speaker to form any part of his abiding work, and such interest or value as they have is of course much lessened when they appear, as they do here, apart from the papers they referred to and from the discussions in which they took their place. Even in the matter of illustrations the editor might have lightened the ship without loss or serious inconvenience to his readers. Several of the plates in vols. i. and iii. are identical or practically identical, and this happens because there is substantial repetition of the subject-matter which the plates were drawn to illustrate. In one or two instances papers are included which we should not have looked for, such as a letter written to the *Times* in 1878, when a telegram from New York announced that Edison had solved the problem of what was then called the division of the electric light. There was a terrible flutter among holders of gas shares, and Siemens wrote to allay the panic. The panic was absurd; but Siemens wrote under a complete misconception of what Edison's invention consisted in, and his letter has now turned out to be a curious (and, for him, a quite rare) instance of the futility of scientific prophecy. It marks an episode that is worth remembering in the history of electric lighting, but it is scarcely in its right gallery in a permanent collection of scientific papers. In all other respects the editor appears to have done his work extremely well; our only complaint is that he has perhaps given us a little too much.

But, speaking generally, if there is too much, it is too much of an exceedingly good thing. These papers and lectures by Siemens are not only of great scientific and historical value, besides that they are models of technical exposition. As to style, it would be difficult to find better examples of simplicity, clearness, directness, and sustained relevancy; as to substance, most of them have the interest which naturally attaches to any narrative of successful invention told (and here the story is always most modestly told) by the inventor himself, and almost any one of them might be cited as showing the happy results which follow when an engineer who has a firm grasp of the practical side of a question is able to take an equally firm grasp of its scientific side. This was, perhaps, the strongest of Siemens's many strong points. He was not great as a theorist, nor ever made any pretension to that kind of greatness. Only once did he attempt an ambitious flight in the region of scientific speculation (in his theory of the Conservation of Solar Energy), and on that occasion he is generally considered to have ventured too near the sun. But he was the very reverse of an empiric. His whole work was directed by his appreciation of scientific principles. He looked on these as a sailor looks on his guiding lights. They interested him not, or at least not mainly, as parts of a philosophic scheme, but rather in their relation to his conduct as an engineer. He saw them with an intensely clear vision, and strained his eyes to trace their bearing on industrial practice;

and no sooner did the connexion become apparent than he hastened to put his ideas to the trial. Nothing was more characteristic of the man than his quick pursuit of thought by action. And the pursuit, if begun without delay, was kept up without flagging. To the quality of fervour he joined the rarer power of patient insistence, which would seek again and again for a new application of an idea when the first had failed, or repeat the trial under altered conditions till failure turned to success. Take, for instance, a part of his work in the industrial application of heat. At a time when comparatively few even among professed physicists had accepted the conclusions of Joule as to the conservation of energy and the dynamical theory of heat, and fewer still had begun to realize their practical significance, Siemens's paper "On the Conversion of Heat into Mechanical Effect" showed that he had taken firm hold of the new doctrines, and was hard at work turning them to account in the improvement of heat-engines. As early as 1816 an ingenious Scotch "minister," the Rev. Robert Stirling of Dundee, had invented a remarkable form of air-engine, the chief novel feature of which was a part called the "regenerator," which acted like the respirator worn over the mouth and nose of a consumptive patient, taking heat from warm air when that passed through it in one direction, storing the heat up, and giving it back to cold air that passed through it in the other direction. Stirling's notions about the action of his engine had been crude, and in one important respect erroneous. Siemens, attacking the subject from the standpoint of the new philosophy, pointed out the true function of the regenerator, and suggested its application to steam-engines for the purpose of increasing what is now called the efficiency—that is to say, the proportion which the work done by the engine bears to the heat which is supplied. His ideas were sound; but, after many years of trial, again and again renewed, they failed of being directly realized. But Siemens held to his faith in the regenerator as a heat-saving appliance, and before long a suggestion made by his brother Frederick opened up an immensely wide field for its application. This was the proposal to use the regenerator as an adjunct to ordinary furnaces, as a means of extracting heat from the waste gases before allowing them to escape up the chimney, and returning this heat to the furnace by giving it up to the stream of fresh air which goes in to support the combustion of the fuel. The furnace regenerator consists of two chambers stacked with bricks, fitted with connecting flues and valves so that the hot gases from the furnace may pass out through either chamber, while the cold air enters through the other. After the hot gases have been passing through one of the chambers for a time, so that the bricks in it are heated up, the valves are switched over, and the stream of fresh air now enters through the heated chamber, while the hot current of waste gases escapes through the other and heats it up. From time to time the valves are changed, at regular intervals which depend upon the capacity of the bricks for storing heat. The advantage of the regenerator is twofold. In the first place, it leads to a very great economy of fuel, by recovering heat which would otherwise go to waste; in the second place, it allows a far higher furnace temperature to be attained than would otherwise be possible even with the most lavish expenditure of fuel. The invention of the regenerative furnace dates from 1857; it was rapidly matured by Siemens and adapted to iron-puddling, glass-making, and other processes. There is now scarcely an application of heat on the large scale in which the regenerative principle does not play an important part. Its greatest application—namely, to steel-making—which Siemens had in view from the first, was not achieved without further invention and patient effort, extending over several years. Siemens was not long in seeing that the regenerative action was incomplete so long as the air which entered the furnace was the only vehicle by which heat was restored. He wished to make the fuel itself take part in the action, and for that purpose the fuel must be supplied in the gaseous state. The Siemens gas-producer, invented in 1861, made this practicable. By a process consisting partly of semi-combustion and partly of distillation, it extracted the combustible constituents of coal in the form of a gas which is passed through a separate regenerative chamber and is thereby heated, just as the air supply is heated, to a temperature of 3,000° or so of Fahrenheit's scale before it is delivered to the furnace hearth. After the invention of the gas-producer the regenerative furnace was ready to be applied to the direct production of steel from the ore and from cast-iron, and Siemens attacked this problem with characteristic energy in 1862, just as the rival and quite distinct process of Bessemer was being brought to commercial success. Bessemer's long struggle was ending when Siemens was beginning his. Disappointed, as he says, by the indifference of manufacturers and the antagonism of their workmen, he resolved in 1865 to erect sample steel-works of his own at Birmingham, and it was there that the process was matured which will always be associated with his name. One has only to turn to the high-pressure boiler of a modern steam-ship or to such a structure as the Forth Bridge to realize what has been made possible by Siemens's steel.

Papers on Heat and Metallurgy fill one of the three volumes. Another deals with Electricity, in the modern development of which, as everybody knows, Siemens played an important part. The third consists of miscellaneous Lectures and Addresses, and not the least valuable of the reprinted papers are some of those which it contains treating of technical education. Everything Siemens wrote or spoke on that vexed question bears the stamp

* *The Scientific Works of C. William Siemens, Kt., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., Civil Engineer: a Collection of Papers and Discussions.* Edited by E. F. Bamber, C.E. Vol. I.—*Heat and Metallurgy.* Vol. II.—*Electricity and Miscellaneous.* Vol. III.—*Addresses, Lectures, &c.* London: John Murray. 1889.

of strong common sense, and comes with peculiar authority from a man with his sound knowledge of the functions of science and wide experience of the needs of industry. He advised the maintenance of the apprenticeship system, reducing it to three years or so, beginning it later than is now usual, and supplementing it by a course of training in theory at a technical college or school. It is, however, doing injustice to his views to attempt a brief summary of them, and the addresses themselves well deserve careful reading. This, indeed, is true of the whole contents of these volumes. They are instructive, for they are the authentic story of what a really great man did and failed to do, and they are interesting, for every chapter of the story is exceedingly well told. One rises from them with the feeling that Siemens achieved what he did because he set to work in the right way and kept at it. He did great things intelligibly and legitimately, and no one will class him as one of those successful people whose success must be as great a puzzle to themselves in their reflective moments as it is at all times to their friends.

CLASSICAL EDITIONS AND SCHOOLBOOKS.*

MR. HADLEY'S edition of the *Hippolytus* deserves notice, although as a commentary for the use of learners, which appears to be its main purpose, it leaves something to be desired. The text of the play has always offered a tempting field for conjectural emendation, and Mr. Hadley's suggestions are not all unhappy. For instance, at ll. 715-16 the MSS. reading is:—

ἐν δὲ προστρέπον' ἐγώ
εὔρημα δὴ τι κ.τ.λ.

Mr. Hadley suggests

ἐν δὲ πρόσθ' εἰποῦς' ἐρώ,
εὔρημα δὴ τι κ.τ.λ.

Of course the emendation is not convincing; perhaps here none could be; but it involves little alteration; it gives very fair sense; and it makes the passage refer back to Phædra's suggestion of suicide at l. 400. Other conjectures of Mr. Hadley's will be found at ll. 383 *sq.*, and again at ll. 441 and 491. They are as plausible as most that have been made by previous editors, and this is probably as much merit as Mr. Hadley himself would claim for them. On the whole, Mr. Hadley is conservative with regard to the text. He even retains and suggests a rendering of the awkward MSS. reading at ll. 78 *sq.* His version is "And Aïdōs the gardener doth tend it with water from the rill, that it may furnish garlands for all those in whom is no taught goodness; but at their birth a wise sobriety in everything alike took them for her own." The clumsy translation of *ἀνέσχεσθαι* may be passed over as a matter of detail; the point is, can *εἴληεν* have the meaning here given to it, and is *τὸ σωφρονεῖν* the subject? For our part we are inclined to agree with Mr. Hadley. It is a pity in a play where so much turns upon disputed readings that the chief variants and emendations are not given at the foot of each page for convenience of reference. Regarded as a school edition, Mr. Hadley's work has many good points. He knows his Greek tragedies well, and quotes them aptly, and he is thoroughly sound on points of grammar and scholarship. Especially valuable to students are the numerous short notes on the use of various forms and compounds by the tragedians, such as those on *ξενοῦσθαι* and *ἀποξενοῦσθαι* (l. 1085), on the future of *φείγω*, though his view on this matter is opposed to Dr. Rutherford's expressed in the *New Phrynichus*, a work to which we have not observed any reference in Mr. Hadley's notes, and on *ἐκφυθεῖν* (l. 1247). As compared with most editors of the present day, Mr. Hadley is sparing of help.

* *The Hippolytus of Euripides; with Introduction and Notes.* By W. S. Hadley, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Ovidii Metamorphoson liber undecimus. Edited, with Notes, by Rev. Edgar Sanderson, late Scholar of Clare College, Cambridge. Oxford: Parker & Co.

Livy. Book XXII. Edited by Marcus S. Dimsdale, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Xenophon's Hellenica. Book II. With Analysis and Notes by Rev. L. D. Dowdall, B.D. Oxon. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

Xenophon's Anabasis. Book VI. With Notes and Vocabulary. London: Rivingtons.

Cæsar's Commentaries. Book I. With English Notes and Argument by George Long, M.A., and Vocabulary by W. F. R. Shilleto, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: George Bell & Sons.

Virgil's Æneid. Book I. With English Notes and Argument, abridged from Professor Conington's edition by the late Rev. J. G. Sheppard, D.C.L. With Vocabulary by W. F. R. Shilleto, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons.

Exercises in Latin Verse of Various Kinds. By Rev. George Preston, M.A., Head-Master of the King's School, Chester. London: Macmillan & Co.

Key to the Same. By Rev. George Preston, M.A., Head-Master of the King's School, Chester. London: Macmillan & Co.

Faciliora: a Book of easily Graduated Latin Exercises for Beginners. Compiled by Rev. J. L. Seager, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: George Bell & Sons.

Crustula; or, Unseen Passages for Lower Forms. Edited by E. A. Wells, M.A., Assistant-Master in Durham School. London: Rivingtons.

Selections from the best Latin Authors. By the Rev. Edmund Fowle and the Rev. W. Whitaker, B.A., late Scholar of B.N.C., Oxford. London: Relfe Brothers.

We are rather pleased to note the absence of an analysis of the plot of the play. Sixth-form boys and undergraduates reading for honours can dispense with such assistance. We should have liked to see a scheme of the choral metres, and the absence of a list of dramatis personæ is probably due to an oversight. The working out of the plot is occasionally illustrated by comparisons with the tragedies of Seneca and Racine on the same subject.

Mr. Sanderson's edition of *Metamm.* XI. is described on the cover as a volume of the Oxford "Latin texts with short notes." As there are some sixty-five pages of notes to twenty-four of text, this description is, of course, ironical. The notes are for the most part sound enough; but they give far too much help, and contain a good deal of matter which boys should hunt up in books of reference. If an editor of Ovid sets to work to explain every mythological reference; to give, as Mr. Sanderson does, accounts of Phæbus, Hermes, Nereus, the Erinyes, and the Satyrs, and to tell the myth of Phrixus and Helle, and the legend of Orpheus, instead of sending his reader to the classical dictionary, his commentary must needs grow to an inordinate length. In other matters, too, Mr. Sanderson gives far too much help. A boy who is fit to read Ovid does not need to be told that *Laomedonta*, *Danaen*, *Hesperides* are Greek accusatives, or that "*petisset* (l. 105) is for *petivisset*." Are not these things written in the Latin grammar? Why, again, should a boy be informed that *obita* (l. 234) comes from *obero*? For what purpose has he a dictionary if it is not to find out such matters as these? A still greater encouragement to indolence is given in parsing *fallare* (l. 84); the problem of discovering its mood and tense is surely not insoluble, especially as the verb *putes*, which is coupled with *fallare*, gives the necessary clue. If this line needs any note at all, it is on the use of *et non*, to which Mr. Sanderson does not refer. He thinks it necessary at l. 50 to explain that *caput* is the head of Orpheus, which is perfectly obvious, yet he makes no mention of some points which may well puzzle beginners in hexameter verse, such as the scansion of *Bacchæi ululatus* (l. 17). Superfluous as much of Mr. Sanderson's information is, it is for the most part correct; but there is one surprising exception in a note on l. 133. Midas prays to Bacchus, "*Miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno*." Mr. Sanderson writes:—"It was a *showy*, or *brilliant*, *harm* that had befallen him, because if he died, as seemed likely, of starvation he could cut a shining figure in death." Of course, there is no reference here to the possible death of Midas, *specioso damno* only means "a fair-seeming but baneful gift." Mr. Sanderson has evidently been misled by the phrase *splendida brachia* two lines earlier. The introduction contains a short account of the poet himself and of the most important MSS. and editions of the *Metamorphoses*. The text is expurgated for school use, and some of the chief variants and emendations are given at the foot of each page.

Mr. Dimsdale, whose edition of Livy, Book XXI., has been well received, now gives us a very good school edition of Book XXII. There are two short introductory chapters, the first dealing with the sources of Livy's narrative, and roughly indicating what parts of the book seem to be derived from Polybius, what from Roman annalists, while the second treats of the style and grammar of Livy. Mr. Dimsdale is particularly sound and instructive on Livy's use of the subjunctive. The notes, both historical and grammatical, are good and useful, and any one who has worked carefully through the book with their aid ought to know the history well, and to have a very clear notion of the distinctive features of Livy's style. Four appendices discuss disputed points about Hannibal's movements, and the events of the war. We can only indicate some of Mr. Dimsdale's conclusions. He holds that Livy's account of the battle of Trasimene is more probable than that of Polybius, and places the battlefield in the plain on the north shore of the lake. With regard to Hannibal's entrance and escape from Campania, he follows Polybius; and he maintains about Canne what we hold to be undoubtedly the correct view—that the battle was fought on the right bank of the Aufidus.

Mr. Dowdall's edition of *Hellenica*, Book II., contains a very full analysis of the subject-matter, and an exhaustive commentary, whose chief fault is that it is much too long. Nearly ninety pages of notes to thirty of text, and of rather easy text, is an undue proportion. The length of the notes arises in some measure from an attempt to cater at once for the student of history and tolerably advanced scholar, and also for that rather exacting person the "junior student." For those who read to learn Greek this edition will, we fancy, be found more useful than Mr. Underhill's, which we have recently noticed, but to the historical student we should recommend Mr. Underhill's.

Those teachers who wish to have a good and well-printed text at a cheap rate, who are glad of a few—perhaps rather too few—sound notes, and who do not particularly object to a vocabulary at the end of the book, have probably found out by this time that they can get what they want in Rivington's "Greek and Latin Texts." It is, therefore, enough to say that the sixth book of the *Anabasis* has appeared in this series. Perhaps it ought to be added that the vocabulary is honourably distinguished from other abominations of the kind in that poetical and Ionic words used by Xenophon are marked with an asterisk as a warning to the unwary.

Not much more is needed than mention of the fact that Book I. of Mr. George Long's edition of Cæsar and Book I. of the *Æneid*, with Conington's notes as abridged by Dr. Sheppard, have been published singly; each, we are sorry to say, with a

vocabulary appended. These volumes belong to a series called the "Lower Form Series." It, therefore, seems a mistake to place the notes at the foot of each page, but they are printed in such very small type that the lower-form boy who has omitted to prepare his translation lesson will do ill to trust to being able to "get something out of the notes" on the spur of the moment.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Preston's Latin verse book is that there is not enough of it. The whole range of Latin verse-composition is included, and there are only fourteen passages to be turned into lyrics and seven for hendecasyllables and iambs. There are some thirty pieces for elegiacs and twenty for hexameters, and it would, we fancy, have been more useful to enlarge this part of the work somewhat, and to keep lyrics for a separate volume. However, what we have is so good that we must not grumble at the quantity; the little volume will serve admirably as a supplement to larger works. The passages are well chosen; perhaps some of them are scarcely good enough in themselves to be worth the trouble of putting into Latin, but these for the most part require some exercise of ingenuity which renders them excellent practice. It was a happy idea to give the well-known passage about woman's influence from *Esmond* for hexameters in Juvenal's manner, and the fair copy given in the *Key* is full of vigour. The attempt to turn into elegiacs an announcement in the *Standard* is ingenious, but not quite so happy as Dr. Kennedy's now famous version of a notice of a committee-meeting.

Mr. Seager's *Faciliora* is a first Latin exercise-book. For the first twenty pages no verbs are introduced. At p. 41 the direct object is first introduced. Yet by the time p. 73 is reached we find sentences of this type:—"It is certain that, if my sword is broken, I shall buy another"; "He said that he was being carried, as his leg was broken." Probably the sub-oblique clauses are intended to be rendered by the ablative absolute, as no explanation of sub-oblique construction has been given; but we have not ourselves been fortunate enough to meet with boys who could progress at this rate, any more than we are acquainted with a young Newton who understands a proposition of Euclid as soon as he hears the enunciation. However, Mr. Seager says that his exercises were originally compiled for the use of his own pupils, so we can but congratulate him on the aptitude for the learned languages which those young gentlemen possess. To any teachers who have not yet realized that analysis of sentences is a valuable method of teaching a language Mr. Seager's book may be useful. It might also suit the needs of learners beginning Latin late in life; but it proceeds far too rapidly for young boys.

Mr. Wells's little volume may be found useful not only in the lower forms of public but also in the higher classes of preparatory schools. His passages are, on the whole, easy and well chosen; and he has been wise in drawing largely upon authors not generally read by schoolboys—such as Curtius and the elder and younger Pliny. There are two features of the book to both of which we should decidedly object if it were intended for older boys—namely, headings indicating the subject-matter of each passage and short foot-notes. The latter, however, rarely do more than give the English of some word which a young boy is not likely to have met with, and the insertion of such aids has enabled Mr. Wells to set several good passages which otherwise could hardly have been included. There seems, therefore, to be quite as much to be said for as against the practice. The headings we dislike even for young boys. One of the uses of practice in unseen translation is to enable boys to gather the sense of a passage without aid from the context; and, if such aid is supplied in a still simpler way, it would be more useful for them every now and then to translate without dictionary a chapter of the book which they are reading in form than to take a passage elsewhere. But, in spite of this drawback, Mr. Wells's book is not a bad one; its worst feature is a ridiculous introduction intended to show "how to make sense." No one who is fit to read Latin or Greek at all, much more to do unseen translation, needs to be told that he must first find the subject of a sentence, then the verb; that verbs often vary in meaning, that prepositions, or "pointers," as Mr. Wells absurdly adds, are never followed by a nominative, and so forth. But the judicious teacher will not call his pupils' attention to this monument of grandmotherly solicitude, and they certainly will not trouble themselves to read it of their own accord.

Messrs. Fowle and Whitaker have compiled a book of a sort which is happily not often used in schools nowadays. Odds and ends from various writers are of little use except for unseen translation, and the plentiful notes forbid us to suppose that this is the purpose of the volume. Little need be said of the notes themselves. They consist largely of translations of words and phrases which for the most part could easily be made out by the student without such assistance. We have noticed some blunders and misprints in the text. For instance, in Horace, *Od. II. xvi. the i in citus* is marked long, and in the ode which here follows it (*I. vii*) we find *fugerit* printed instead of *fugeret*, to the ruin of both sense and metre. Altogether we seldom meet with a more useless piece of book-making than this.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF A FAMILY LIVING.*

"WELL to Sutton-Coldfield to-night," says Falstaff, when on the march with his ragged regiment, or "to Sutton-Cop-hill," as is said to be the original reading. With this most people's knowledge of the history of Sutton Coldfield begins and ends. From the present work they may increase their stock of information on the subject. The author, indeed, does not quote Falstaff, or enter into the question of Cophill *versus* Coldfield; though in a preliminary chapter he gives the early history of the living in the days before the Riland family's connexion with Sutton began. The parish church of Sutton was first built, at some time subsequent to the Norman Conquest, by the Earls of Warwick, "who found in the 'Cold-field'—the wind-swept, pebbly waste where stood the town next on the south to Lichfield—a suitable place for a hunting-seat, and there made provision for the spiritual wants of their retainers and dependents." From the Beauchamp and Nevil Earls of Warwick the right of presentation to the living was handed on to the King-maker's grandson, Edward Plantagenet, the Duke of Clarence's son by Isabel Nevil. When this last hapless Plantagenet was attainted and beheaded, his possessions escheated to the Crown, which, more than half a century later, put the advowson of Sutton up to sale. After passing to two purchasers in succession, it was bought in 1586 by John Shilton, of Birmingham, mercer; and from that time to this the patronage has been exercised by his descendants. The Shilton family appear to have been Puritanically inclined; and the author conjectures that in purchasing the advowson they were actuated, like the Simeon Trustees of later days, by the desire to secure an important benefice for a minister of their own opinions. Two of the Shiltons' nominees, John and Anthony Burges, were men of sufficient theological and literary note to find a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Anthony Burges (who was no relation to his predecessor of the same name) was in great request as a preacher; and his "funeral discourse at the burial of Mr. Thomas Blake, at Tamworth, became so celebrated that it was difficult to procure a copy. It was published in 1658, with the title of 'Paul's Last Farewell.'" After the Restoration Anthony Burges conscientiously resigned his benefice and retired to Tamworth, where he was buried in 1664. He was succeeded at Sutton Coldfield by Dr. William Watson, who held the benefice for twenty-seven years until his death in 1689, when the Rev. John Riland, who had married the patron's daughter, was presented to the living, and eventually bought the advowson from the now impoverished Shiltons, who seem to have brought themselves to grief by "land hunger" and an injudicious marriage. John Riland was the son of a Royalist clergyman who had suffered during the Civil Wars, and was himself a High Churchman. This would do him no harm at Sutton Coldfield, where the general feeling had veered from Puritanism to Toryism and Jacobitism. The country gentlemen drank Jacobite toasts at their club at Coleshill, and they did not lack sympathizers among the townsmen of Birmingham, whence over two hundred Jacobites came to Sutton to hear the great High Church champion, Dr. Sacheverell, preach on the Sunday before the coronation of George I. "The consequence of it," says the historian Tindal, "appeared a day or two after" in the form of a riot and an attack upon Dissenting places of worship. Dr. Sacheverell had some connexion with the district, his cousin Valens Sacheverell being the occupant of New Hall, near Sutton, where the Doctor himself spent the greater part of the years during which he was suspended from preaching. The tendencies of the Rilands are shown not only by the Rector lending his pulpit to the renowned Doctor, but by marginal MS. notes which remain in one of the books in the Rectory library, and which might have been seriously compromising if they had come under unfriendly eyes. In the next generation the Rilands' Jacobitism had no doubt become what the French call platonic. When rumour averred that the rebels of '45 had advanced to Lichfield, the Rilands, instead of hastening to offer their family plate to the rightful King, sank it in the ornamental canal in Sutton Park. This alarm seems to have been the only disturbance of the peaceful days of the Rev. Richard Riland, who was born at Sutton, succeeded his father in the living in 1720, and there ruled till 1757. Several of his letters are given, beginning with the one in which in 1730 he made his offer of marriage to Miss Bisse, a Somerset young lady whom he had met at Bath. His love-letter is of the practical order, and there is no denying that it comes to the point at once:—

Madam,—I intimated to you in my Last that I had an Offer of some considerable Importance to make, which I once intended to have mention'd sooner. Without any further Introduction, it is that of a Husband; if you are not better provided, I am at your Service.

The letter continues in the same style through a long paragraph; then the suitor remarks:—

If this offer be not agreeable I doubt not I shall soon be told so—if it be, I can see no Reason why That may not be told too with equal Freedom, & with Scruple or Reserve; but whether it be Agreeable or not, I hope no offence is giv'n by making it.

"No offence" was given, for two months later a marriage licence was granted for Mr. Riland and Miss Bisse. They apparently "lived happily ever after," as the fairy tales put it, and had two sons, Richard and John, who in due time were sent

* *Three Hundred Years of a Family Living: being a History of the Rilands of Sutton Coldfield.* By the Rev. W. R. Riland Bedford, M.A. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. 1889.

to Queen's College, Oxford. Several of the father and mother's letters to them appear. "Pray Dick save your money," writes the mother in 1750, "for it costs us a good deal in our last journey to see you, and we shall be very short this winter." Nevertheless in 1753 they were not too "short" to be able to allow themselves some amusement, for the Rector writes from London:—

Yr Mother & I have been 2 successive nights at the Playhouse, on Tuesday night we saw the Harlequin Sorcerer, which I think superior to every thing I have ever seen at a Playhouse, especially the Ostrich and the Horse, and on Wednesday night we heard the oratorio of Jephtha, perform'd by near 100 hands. Music so full, so grand, so fine I never heard before; but Yr Mother thought there was too much of it.

In 1755 they were again in London, and went to Sadler's Wells and to "Cuper's Gardens"—

Vauxhall we have not yet seen. Yr mother and I are very well, having lost our disorders which each of us bro't hither. On the 20th or 21st inst. there will be a play at Drury Lane. I have lost many a good Anthem, St. Paul's being shut up, & will not be opened till ye 31st. We have dined every day, but one, on Beef, either roasted, or stakes; chiefly the latter. . . . It is said here, particularly among the merchants on 'Change, that there will be no War between England & France. The Dog Act will certainly take effect next session of Parliament, so that Chlo & Rover must either be annually paid for, or Demolished—*utrum horum?*

Richard Riland bequeathed the advowson to his elder son, Richard Bisse Riland, of whose gifts and graces we have a glowing account from an old parishioner. He had "no ostentatious pride," was "free from asperity, religious without Puritanism, superstition, or enthusiasm, a true defender of the Established Church of these realms and of its discipline, without wavering or turning to the right hand or the left." Also, "he was a fine, tall, straight, handsome man, wore a large full wig, like unto a Bishop's wig, and stood six feet one or two in height; very rarely that we see such another man; he was both an ornament and an honour to the Clerical Profession."

This ecclesiastical ornament had a daughter, Lydia, who married a young Birmingham attorney of the name of Bedford, and their son, William Riland Bedford, was presented to the living on the death of his uncle John Riland in 1822. Into the fortunes of the living and of its incumbents we need not enter further, having given sufficient specimens. The book is avowedly a family history; and it may perhaps be said without offence that it will be more interesting to connexions of the Rilands than to the general public. At the same time, there is a great deal of Corporation and parish history which will be of local value; and no historical student will despise a domestic or parochial chronicle, which often gives better insight into the life of the past than can be obtained from more ambitious works.

THE THEORY OF CREDIT.*

IN this volume Mr. Macleod makes a valuable contribution to economic literature. A jurist as well as an economist, he brings beside a vast store of varied information to illustrate and explain points that have puzzled some eminent thinkers. If we were disposed to be critical we might indeed complain of his too frequent repetitions, but probably he would answer that only by iteration and reiteration can he hope to bring home to the mind of the general reader the conclusions he desires to establish. We might also object to his method, and more especially to his introduction of algebraic signs and symbols, which, if generally adopted, would still further divorce Political Economy from observation, by the light of which alone it can be fruitfully studied. But fortunately the subject which he treats suffers less than almost any other from the exclusive adoption of the deductive method, since very largely at least it is a matter of analysis. And in analysis Mr. Macleod is subtle and searching. At first sight it may seem that the question with which he deals is hardly worthy of the time and labour bestowed upon it. It may be said that whether credit is or is not wealth depends upon what we mean by the latter word. If we give it one definition then credit undoubtedly is wealth, whereas if we give it another it clearly is not wealth. But this, we venture to think, is a superficial view of the matter. The function of credit cannot be thoroughly understood without a full and accurate conception of its nature. To arrive at this we must, of course, determine what credit really is. Mr. Macleod shows that the purchasing power of credit was clearly appreciated by the early Greek philosophers, by the Romans, and by the first economists. The Ricardian school, however, denied that it was wealth, and some of them even went the length of asserting that it was as absurd to call it so as to say that a thing can be in two places at the same time. Credit, in the sense in which it is used in economic discussion, is nearly synonymous with debt. To buy upon credit, for example, is to incur debt; and, similarly, an instrument of credit is an evidence of debt. It does undoubtedly appear absurd to say that debt can add to the wealth of the world; but, if we admit that whatever increases the purchasing power of the world adds to its wealth, then experience proves that credit is wealth. We shall see by-and-bye how Mr. Macleod accounts for the mistake of those thinkers who deny that credit does add to the purchasing power of the world. In the meantime let us, by an appeal to the every-day facts of the business

life around us, inquire whether it is or is not true that credit does add to the purchasing power of the world.

During the great Civil War in America the Federal Government defrayed a considerable part of its expenses by an issue of Treasury Notes—Greenbacks as they came to be popularly called—which were neither more nor less than promises to pay; in other words, evidences of debt. So, again, in its last struggle with Turkey, the Russian Government paid a large part of its expenses by an issue of notes of the Imperial Bank of Russia. Here at home, to take the most conspicuous example, our joint-stock and private banks derive by far the largest part of their resources from their deposits, which consist really of money borrowed from the public. Lastly, when a trader buys goods, and gives in payment a bill, he really buys upon credit. In all these cases we see that credit does add to the purchasing power of the borrower. It may be replied that no competent thinker denies that, but that the credit given to the borrower is transferred to him by the lender, and that in consequence the lender's purchasing power is so much diminished. Is this true? A merchant buys goods from a manufacturer, and gives him in payment a bill. The credit, it is admitted, has increased the merchant's purchasing power, but does it diminish the purchasing power of the manufacturer? He takes the merchant's bill; but, if he chooses, he can discount it with his banker, and with the proceeds he can buy anything that he pleases. So far it is evident that the purchasing power of the manufacturer—that is to say, of the creditor, has not diminished any more than the purchasing power of the merchant. But how is it with the banker who has purchased from the manufacturer the merchant's bill? The manufacturer, having discounted the bill with his own banker, let us suppose for the sake of clearness, has standing to his credit the price of the bill. If he does not draw upon the account, of course it is a deposit like any other, and can be freely used by the banker in lending and discounting. But let us now suppose that the merchant does draw to the full amount of the proceeds of the bill. Then the banker's immediate resources are diminished by exactly the same amount if he keeps the bill in his portfolio, which, by the hypothesis, we suppose him to do. But he believes that the manufacturer is solvent, and will meet the bill when it falls due, otherwise he would not have discounted it. Then he obviously can draw a bill himself to mature at the same date as the bill he has discounted, and by means of the repayment of the latter he can withdraw his own bill. In that way his purchasing power is not lessened any more than that of the merchant or the manufacturer. But it may be objected that this is only carrying the process of borrowing a little further, and that whoever discounts the banker's bill will have his purchasing power diminished. Let us, then, assume that the banker keeps the discounted bill in his portfolio, and does not draw a bill himself. And let us inquire whether in that case his purchasing power is lessened. Surely it is not. For as he knows that the bill will mature on a certain day, and as he believes that it will then be met, he can make purchases, and so arrange that the payments will not fall due until the bill is paid off. It seems clear, then, that a credit operation is not a mere transfer of purchasing power from the lender to the borrower, but that it is an acquisition of purchasing power on the part of the latter. And now we are in a position to see that the true function of credit cannot be thoroughly understood until we have arrived at an accurate conception of its nature.

Mr. Macleod's theory, then, briefly stated, is that a loan is the exchange of the present value of wealth expected to come into existence in the future for actually existing wealth; that it is, therefore, a real sale; and that it is analogous to the sale of land. When a piece of land is sold, it is not merely the land as it stands at the moment, with all that is over it and under it, which is purchased, but also its capacity of producing wealth in the future. The sale of land, therefore, is the sale of the present value of future wealth as well as of the value of existing wealth. In the case of a loan, however, it is only the present value of the future expected wealth which is exchanged by the borrower for the actually existing wealth given to him by the lender. When, for example, a manufacturer sells goods to a trader, and takes a bill in payment, both the manufacturer and the trader expect that the goods will be sold by the latter before the bill falls due, and will be sold with a profit. It is out of the profit that the discount is paid to which the bill is subjected. And so in all cases the borrower represents that at a future date he will have money out of which he will be able to repay the debt, and the lender believes the representation. That this is the true explanation of the transaction appears from the fact that in a true loan the thing lent, whether it be money or goods, or anything else, becomes the property of the borrower. When a banker, for example, lends 100*l.* to a customer, the money becomes the absolute property of the customer; so much so that the banker is not justified in refusing to cash the customer's cheque drawn upon the money, though the cheque may amount to every penny which stands to the credit of the customer. And it is to the ambiguous meaning of the word loan in English that Mr. Macleod traces the error of those who have contended that credit does not add to the purchasing power or the wealth of the world. A man is said to lend a horse or a watch to a friend, although he retains the full property in the horse or the watch, and only parts with the temporary use of it to his friend. This is known as a bailment in English law. But a man is also said to lend money to a person,

* *The Theory of Credit.* By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. I. London and New York: Longmans & Co. 1889.

although in so doing he parts with the entire property in the money, and takes in return a contract to be repaid the amount, generally with interest, on a future day. This is a loan proper. The borrower does not engage to return the identical pieces of money which he has borrowed; he only undertakes to repay the same amount, and he has the full right to pay away the money in any manner that he pleases. He may waste it if he chooses, and the lender has no cause of complaint—has no right even to remonstrate with him. The only right he has is to claim repayment when repayment becomes due, and to enforce his claim by process of law if the debtor does not fulfil his part of the contract. It is this circumstance, that in a loan proper the property as well as the possession of the thing lent passes from the creditor to the debtor, which constitutes the transaction an exchange in the economic sense of the word, and enables credit to increase the purchasing power of the world.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR CRANE (1), of Cornell University, who has already done not a little good work in French literature, has, we think, produced the most useful book in reference to a certain period of that literature that has recently appeared in English. Mr. Crane is not an ideal literary critic, and his conscientious and excellently erudite centos of other people's opinions might, perhaps, be advantageously exchanged for a somewhat more original first-hand method. "Never quote or paraphrase from your authorities without acknowledgment" is an excellent rule, and so apparently elementary that, if it were not for the frequent breaches of it, it might seem to go without saying. "Never neglect your predecessors" is one which, perhaps, needs more enforcement, for human laziness is immense, and human vanity not too easily measurable. But "Deal with your predecessors as a free man, and not as a slave, without insolence, without dishonesty, and without servility," is the counsel of perfection, and few there be who seem to attain to it. Mr. Crane has not quite attained; and the extraordinary fulness and honesty of his references and citations, difficult as it is to quarrel with them, obscure to some extent, and perhaps have even to some extent prevented him from acquiring the full grasp, as of his own hand, which is so desirable, if so rarely met, in literary dealings.

The book, however, is a very good one. Its subject—which, put in other words, is the literature of the attempt made historically under the names of M^{me}. de Rambouillet and the Précieuses to introduce refinement of manners into French society—has always been an interesting one, and has always, by its connexion with certain literary work of the first importance, attracted a considerable amount of attention. The most important—certainly the most bulky—store of information about it, the "heroic" novels of "Sapho" and her friends, after being long quoted without too much knowledge by Moliéristes and others, have been quite recently made the subject of a genuinely German monograph by Herr Körting. The more miscellaneous literature has been more abundantly dealt with, and altogether Mr. Crane has got together a mighty bibliography and a very useful one.

But the merit of the book does not lie in this, nor even in the capital body of notes which the Cornell Professor has subjoined to his selections. The really excellent thing is that Mr. Crane has read the original books, and has got out of them a very large and excellent collection of original matter. Whether the book will be a good school and college reading-book (which seems to be its object) we are not so sure. Both practice and theory seem to us to show that, for such purposes, either entire special works or else selections from a wide range of authors and subjects are superior to extracts which either require for their full appreciation more knowledge than the "student" is likely to have or else confine him too much in the acquisition of that knowledge to a particular period. But in itself it is an excellent book. It has as frontispiece a full-sized reproduction of the *Carte de Tendre*, not "stinted of its sizings," as is too often the case. It has abundant "portraits," both direct and slightly travestied in the romances. It has *historiettes* (proper ones, of course; Mr. Crane is even a little reminiscent of piano-trousers in his remarks on Tallemant) from the *Sieur des Réaux*, poems and letters from Voiture (whom Mr. Crane does not admire quite enough), extracts from *Clélie* and from *Artamène*, from Sorel (whom Mr. Crane admires quite enough), from Saint-Evremond, from Chapelle and Bachaumont, from Fléchier. It has, lastly, a curious and interesting appendix from the *etiquette* treatises which resulted from the vogue of "Precious" manners. In short, it is a really excellent collection of texts, excellently commented, and furnished with good critical and bibliographical apparatus.

Mr. Crane has not attempted—has, indeed, distinctly disclaimed attempting—any general literary study of his tempting subject. We own that we feel towards him the same puzzled respect with which Dr. Folliott regarded Captain Fitzchrome's abstinence from classical quotations. Much as has been written on the subject, there is still room not merely in English, but in French, for an essay in moderate compass showing how this curious movement, assisted by the political coincidences of the time, intro-

duced in French literature the artificial decency which forms so strange a contrast with what had gone before and with what was to follow; how it started the wave of "sensibility"; how it helped to make Paris what it certainly had not been before, the centre of Europe, not for thought, but for manners and fashions; how, less beneficently in any sense, it contributed to that estrangement of the French nobility from all serious pursuits, and even, to some extent, from all manly exercises, except duels and war, which gradually ousted them from their place as a true aristocracy. But we have no just cause of quarrel with Professor Crane for not writing what he did not feel himself called upon to write; and we have a just cause of gratitude to him for doing, and doing very well, what he was thoroughly qualified as well as minded to do.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE admiration expressed by the late Mr. Matthew Arnold of one of the poems in Mr. Joseph Truman's slim volume, *Afterthoughts* (Macmillan & Co.), is not merely in itself perfectly intelligible, as the testimonials of poets are wont to be, but suggests the key to what is the chief distinction of Mr. Truman's poetry. "Elleray," the poem in question, may be said to be Christopher North's poetic epitaph. Wandering in the "wood shadows" at Elleray, the thought of Wilson visited the author, naturally enough, and naturally does he refer to

The image of a man magnificent,
A theme for human love and wonderment,
Grand in his sadness and his merriment.

A dozen lines brings us to the epitaph:—

Better for us, had that potential mind
Been somewhat more to deathless feats address;
Alas for mental splendours unexpressed!
A few pale poems and some worthier prose
Make up the meagre sum which the world knows
Of what was working in that brain and breast;
The vague eternal kingdoms have the rest.

Here we feel at once what is the critical quality in these lines that induced Arnold to write of the poem "I have not often read anything more true and more happily expressed, and I wish all who know Wilson could see it." Most people who never knew Wilson, and some, we are sure, who did, are profoundly grateful for the pale poems and worthier prose, and leave such criticism of life as is here implied for the superior few who are capable of it. After all, though contentment is an unheroic virtue, what more would you have of Christopher North? "Deathless feats" are very fine things, no doubt, though somewhat hard to define, and altogether an elusive standard for the measure of men. Mr. Truman shows both the fervour and conviction of a disciple in such poems as "The Village Sermon," "The Broadest Church," and "Many Ways Open," where the inspiration and style proclaim the influence of Arnold, and the influence is not less agreeable than striking. Grace, refinement, a chastened melancholy, and pathos that is deep or placid, and never superficial, are to be noted as characteristic of Mr. Truman's poetry.

In *Heart to Heart*, by Mr. Ivan Hues (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), we have more poetry offered to a prosaic world, with the friendly word of a poet who has much that is kind to say of it and the popularity that may usefully enforce his commendation. Mr. Hues sings a romantic epic of "gallant little Wales," which, it appears, has "much and favourably impressed" Mr. Lewis Morris, who thinks the lyrics "show a good ear," and "the case of the rhymes, many of them double rhymes, very remarkable." Perhaps "case" is a misprint for "ease"; but, whether it be so or not, the principal feature of the poet's verse is unquestionably its unvaried and monotonous fluency. If the bards sang as they sing in *Heart to Heart*, we should become very tolerant of modern bards and rejoice in the mystic charms of an Eisteddfod. What is chiefly admirable in Mr. Hues is the unquenchable patriotism displayed by Childe Awen, the hero of his poem, whose rapturous praise of the land of the Waal, "proud Walian land," is like the pedigree of Headlong Ap-Breakneck Ap-Pistyll, for continuity of eloquence. Only Awen is somewhat ill-named. His fluency is decidedly modern, and his song seldom betrays the bardic abstraction known as *awen* proper to the singer of so lofty a theme.

Stories from Carleton, with a brief and well-considered preface by Mr. W. B. Yeats (Walter Scott), is the latest addition to the "Camelot series," and an excellent selection from the shorter stories and sketches of the admirable Irish novelist. The book includes such excellent examples of Carleton's impressive and picturesque style as "The Poor Scholar," "Shane Fadhi's Wedding," the delightful and exquisitely humorous description of the "Hedge School," as it was when Carleton was himself being trained as a "poor scholar," and the charming and characteristic story "Tubber Derg." The "clay-cold melancholy" which Mr. Yeats finds in the longer stories is almost absent from this well-selected book, while the humour, the graphic power, and the dramatic art of Carleton are fully represented. Altogether, as a popular introduction of a great writer, nothing could be better.

What to Do? (Walter Scott), the new volume of the translation of Count Tolstoi's works, belongs to the autobiographical section of the novelist's writings, and comprises, with a good deal of Socialistic political economy, a curiously naïf account of

(1) *La société française au dix-septième siècle*. By T. F. Crane. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

the author's "slumming" experiences in Moscow, which is better worth reading than the prolix and contradictory speculations on society and history that fill the greater part of the volume.

Dr. George Herschel, in *Health Troubles of City Life* (Bristol: Wright & Co.), offers some useful advice on the "break-down" in health to which men of business are liable. The causes that lead to the sudden collapse of active men are, the author thinks, often extremely trivial when first discernible, and only from neglect produce serious results. Strong tea and cigarettes are potent sources of ill, Dr. Herschel well observes; and to these he adds overwork, irregular meals, want of exercise, worry, and other more generally recognized causes of nerve exhaustion and dyspepsia. The author writes with much good sense of the best means to lessen the effects of strenuous business life in an age of keen competition. He is no fanatical foe to alcohol and tobacco; but he urges business men to smoke and drink, as they should eat, at stated times. And this is precisely what many men cannot arrive at, even with the strongest recommendations of the family doctor.

Perhaps the *Complete Prose Works of Emerson* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), the new volume of the "Minerva Library," edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany, cannot with due regard to accuracy be considered as one of the "famous books of unquestioned value and popularity" which the series was designed to embrace. The volume is made up of several books, the *Essays*, *English Traits*, and others, all, indeed, valuable, yet scarcely at present popular or famous. The reprint, however, ought effectually to remedy the neglect of Emerson among those for whom cheap literature is now so abundantly provided. The print is clear, though necessarily small, and the editor's introduction is brief and satisfactory.

Nonsense Drolleries, by Edward Lear, illustrated by William Foster (Warne & Co.), is a re-issue of "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and "The Duck and the Kangaroo," with drawings of excellent spirit and humour, by an artist who shows a really delightful sympathy with the poet's frolicsome moods.

A Manual of Home Nursing, by Louisa Emily Dobrée (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is a sound, sensible, and comprehensive little handbook on the art of tending the sick. Miss Dobrée is nothing but practical when treating of the duties of the nurse and her relation to the patient and the doctor.

The wanderer among the East-Anglian water-ways may be provided with a capital and cheering companion in *Summer in Broadland* (Jarrold & Sons), an illustrated narrative of a gipsying tour on the Norfolk Broads by the author of *Friesland Mees*. Such pleasant reading ought to send many to Norfolk and Suffolk to reap the like good fortune that fell to the author.

The Swoop of the Eagles (Ward & Downey) is the "latest born,"

though decidedly not "the loveliest far," of all the numerous progeny of the *Battle of Dorking*. It is, in truth, a dull, tedious fable of the partition of the British Empire in circumstances that are not only incredible, but altogether free from the saving grace of humorous presentment.

We have received new editions of *The Two Sides of the Shield* and *Nuttie's Father*, by Miss Yonge, and Charles Kingsley's *Prose Idylls* (Macmillan & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 30, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM DOUCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Veuve J. BOYVEAU, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse); also at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, by whom also Subscriptions will be received.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may likewise be obtained in Paris every Saturday of Messrs. GALIGNANI, 224 Rue de Rivoli.

For CONTENTS see page 286*

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TOUR in the MEDITERRANEAN.—THE ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large full-powered steamship "CHIMBORAZO" 3,507 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London on or about September 10, for a thirty-eight days' Cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, Malaga, and Cadiz.

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EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on October 1. Introductory Lecture at Four P.M. by Mr. R. J. GONLEY, M.S., B.A., F.R.C.S. The Examinations for the Entrance Examinations will commence on September 24. Scholarships, Exhibitions, and Prizes of the value of £500 are awarded annually. In University College Hospital about 3,000 In-Patients and 35,000 Out-Patients are treated during the year. Thirty-six Appointments, eighteen being resident, as House-Surgeon, House-Physician, Obstetric Assistant, &c. are filled up by competition during the year, and these as well as all Clerkships and Dresserships are open to Students of the Hospital without extra fee. Prospectuses, with full information as to Classes, Prizes, &c. may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.

JOHN WILLIAMS, M.D., Dean.
J. M. HORSBURGH, M.A., Secretary.

OWENS COLLEGE, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER.

PROSPECTUSES for the SESSION 1889-90 are NOW READY.
 I.—DEPARTMENT OF ARTS, SCIENCE, AND LAW.
 II.—DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE.
 III.—DENTAL DEPARTMENT.
 IV.—DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN.
 V.—DEPARTMENT OF THE EVENING CLASSES.
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Apply to Mr. CORNISH, 33 Piccadilly, Manchester; or at the College.
HENRY WM. HOLDER, M.A., Registrar.

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Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AUQUIER, M.A. Clare College, Camb.
 One of the Examiners to the Irish Board of Intermediate Education, late Head-Master of South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, with a staff of Assistant Masters (Graduates).
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 The school year is divided into three terms; each term consists of about thirteen weeks. Inclusive fees, Eighty Guineas per annum. Exhibitions and Scholarships, of £10, £15, and £21, are annually thrown open for competition.
 For further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

THE MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

SESSION 1889-90.
FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

THE NEXT SESSION COMMENCES on Tuesday, October 1, 1889.
 A Syllabus, containing full information as to the various Courses of Instruction, lecture days, and hours, fees, scholarships, &c., is published by Messrs. CORNISH, New Street, Birmingham, price 6d., by post, 7d.
 Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, at the College.
 GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, Heidelberg.

Principals.
 Dr. A. HOLZBERG, Ph.D., M.A. Heidelberg.
 A. B. CATTY, M.A., Christ's Coll., Camb.
 WALTER LAWRENCE, M.A., St. John's, Oxon.
 At the recent Exam. for the I.C.S. a Pupil of Heidelberg College obtained THE HIGHEST MARKS IN GERMAN of all the Candidates.
 SANDHURST FURTHER EXAM., August 1889.
 Alexander H. C. Rew, 7539.
 Mr. CATTY in London, 5 Riversdale Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1.
 The Hospital, which is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, contains nearly 900 beds, all in constant use. There are wards for Accidents, Surgical and Medical cases, Diseases of Women and Children, and Ophthalmic cases. Special departments for Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Skin and Teeth, and for Cancer, Tumours, Diseases of the Bladder, Piles, and Fistula. Number of in-patients last year, 8,573; out-patients, 101,318; accidents, 7,456.
 Surgical operations daily.
 APPOINTMENTS.—Resident Accoucheur, House Physicians, House Surgeons. Forty of these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board. The New College Buildings are now complete, and afford more than double the former accommodation.
 Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £50 and £40, and two Buxton Scholarships, value £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.
 Luncheons or dinners, at moderate charges, can be obtained at the Students' Club.
 The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Metropolis. The Metropolitan District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to MURRO SCOTT, Warden, Mile End, E.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, F.R.S., at 4 P.M.
 The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

1. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £125, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as bond-fide first-year students during the current year.
2. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of £50, open to all students commencing their studies.
3. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £50, open to all students who have entered the school during the current year, and who have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B. since October 1888.
4. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £35, for students who, having been signed up for or previously passed the Oxford 1st M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B., have entered the School during the current year.

The following Exhibitions and Prizes are also open to students:—
 The William Brown £100 Exhibition; the William Brown £10 Exhibition; the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £32; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £32; the Pollock Prize in Physiology, value £14; the Johnson Prize in Anatomy, value £10 10s.; the Treasurer's Prize, value £10 10s.; General Proficiency Prizes for first, second, and third year students, of £10 10s. each; the Brodie Prize in Surgery; the Acland Prize in Medicine; the Thompson Medal, and Sir Charles Clark's Prize.
 All Hospital appointments, including the two House Physicianships and two House Surgeonships, are awarded as the result of competition, and are open to the students without additional expense of any kind.

Clerkships and Dresserships, and all the minor appointments, are given without extra fee. Several paid appointments, including that of Obstetric Assistant, with a salary of £100 and board and lodging, are awarded yearly upon the recommendation of the Medical School Committee.

The new Physiological Laboratories and Class Rooms are now open.
 Prospectuses and fuller details may be obtained by application to
 THOMAS WHIPHAM, M.B., Dean.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

The WINTER SESSION of 1889-90 will OPEN on Tuesday, October 1, with an Introductory Address, at 3 P.M., by Mr. WILLIAM AYDENSON, F.R.S.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 125 guineas and 250 respectively, open to all first-year Students will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 25, 26, and 27, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Botany or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.
 Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

All Hospital Appointments are open to Students without extra charge.
 The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.
 A Register of approved Lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of local Medical Practitioners, Clergymen, and others who receive students into their homes.
 Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, Dean.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The WINTER SESSION commences on Tuesday, October 1.
 The Hospital contains 685 beds, of which 500 are in constant occupation. Special Classes are held for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and other Higher Examinations.

APPOINTMENTS.—All Hospital Appointments are made strictly in accordance with the merits of the Candidates, and without extra payment.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Two Open Scholarships in Arts, one of the value of 100 Guineas open to Candidates under twenty years of age; and one of 50 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty-five years of age. Two Open Scholarships in Science, one of the value of 125 Guineas, and another of 50 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty-five years of age.

PRIZES are awarded to Students in their various years amounting in the aggregate to more than £300.

DENTAL SCHOOL.—A Dental School is attached to the Hospital, which affords to Students all the instruction required for a Licence in Dental Surgery.

COLLEGE.—A residential College is in course of erection upon a site close to the Hospital, to accommodate about 100 Students in addition to the Resident Staff of the Hospital. The College contains a large Dining Hall, and Reading Rooms for the use of the STUDENTS' CLUB.

For Prospectuses and further information apply to the Dean, Dr. FERRY, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.

GUYS HOSPITAL CLASSES for the PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC (M.B. Lond.) EXAMINATION are held in the Medical School, GUY'S HOSPITAL, during the Winter and Summer Sessions. The Fee for the whole Course is Ten Guineas. The Class is not confined to Students of the Hospital. For further particulars apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

WOLVERHAMPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The HEAD-MASTERSHIP will become VACANT at Christmas next by the retirement of THOMAS BEAN, Esq.

It is provided by the scheme that the Head-Master shall be a Graduate of some University within the British Empire and not necessarily in Holy Orders.

His emolument will be derived from three sources.

(1.) A Fixed Stipend of £200 a year.

(2.) Capitation Fees at the rate of £2 a year for each boy in the senior department, and £1 a year in the junior department.

(3.) From Boarders. The school buildings provide a house for the Head-Master, in which he will be required to reside, and accommodation, including sitting and furniture, is also provided in the house for thirty boarders or their households.

There are three Exhibitions of £50 a year from the school to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, each tenable for three years. The school has been highly successful for many years past.

Candidates for the appointment are invited to send their applications, with testimonials, to Messrs. NERVE & CRESSWELL, Solicitors, Wolverhampton, on or before the 17th day of September next.

The Election will be made on the 1st day of October next.

The Head-Master will be required to enter upon his duties at the close of the Christmas holidays.

It is particularly requested that no personal application be made to the Governors.

All letters may be addressed to the above-mentioned Clerks, marked W. G. S., from whom Copies of the Scheme for the Management of the School may be obtained for seven stamps.